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AND

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Correspondence of Isaac Basire, D.D., Archdeacon of Northumberland and Prebendary of Durham, in the Reigns of Charles I. and Charles II.; with a Memoir of his Life.* By W. N. Darnell, B.D., Rector of Stanhope. London, 1831. Murray.

THE *Literary Gazette* has invariably hailed the publication of authentic correspondence, as by far the most genuine means of illustrating the manners and feelings of any distant period. Letters not intended for the world had no inducement to misrepresent facts of a general character; and, in our opinion, these, where the writers were of rank sufficiently elevated to have access to the best information, are the true correctives of history. In the case before us there is, indeed, little of this kind of intelligence; yet the life of Dr. Basire offers in itself a curious picture of the English church at an era of its deepest humiliation, and of the monarchy in its hour of eclipse—necessarily including glimpses of the state of the country during that memorable time.

The selection of papers and letters has been made from the valuable library of the Dean and Chapter of Durham; and the Memoir is written with the *esprit* of a divine, who appears worthy of the rich rectory of Stanhope, so much spoken of within the last few months, and hardly less deserving of note from having been a living enjoyed by Dr. Basire. Of this learned man his biographer says:—

“He is a good specimen of the class of men which that church (of England) was enabled to produce, after she had escaped from the corruptions of Popery, and before her spirit was broken by the encroachments of sectarianism. Pious, learned, active, and judicious, he lost no opportunities of turning his talent to account. Resigned to all the dispensations of Providence, his misfortunes never seem to have depressed the energies of his mind; but he was, as one of his friends said of him,

‘Adversis rerum immersabilis undis.’

In the quaint language of Walker, in his book on the Sufferings of the Clergy, he was ‘sequestered, pursevented, plundered, and forced to fly; having been thrice shut up in the sieges of Carlisle and Oxford, and in a confinement in Stockton Castle.’ \* \* \* It is a striking feature in his life, that in the most remote parts of Europe, whether he had retired as an exile and a fugitive, his friendship was sought, and his advice followed, by learned and good men; and, in some instances, by persons of the most exalted rank. The life of Dr. Basire may be divided into three portions; the first, from his birth to his expatriation, upon the surrender of the city of Oxford to the parliament; the second includes fifteen years of exile; the remaining part consists of about the same period of time, from the restoration, and his own return to England, to his decease.”

Basire was born at Rouen in 1607, the son of a Protestant of the lowest order of French

noblesse. He studied at Rotterdam and Leyden; and having come to England, was, in 1629, admitted into holy orders by Morton, Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, to whom he was immediately after appointed chaplain. He was naturalised, and no doubt accompanied his patron on his translation to Durham in 1632. At this early age the few letters remaining shew that he was highly esteemed for piety and learning by his friends, among whom we find Vossius and other persons of repute. In 1635 Basire married Miss Fanny Corbett, “of a good family in Shropshire,” to whom his love-letters (if they may be so called) are of the most religious and edifying description. They might have served as models for those of Dr. Doddridge—only they are as cold in the way of mortality as the doctor’s are warm. He earnestly invokes her to pray; and says (*ex. gr.*)

“Goe on, sweet soule, and depend still upon God; and he shall sooner or later promote thee, if not by mee, (for alas, what am I that I should promise ought? my breath is in my nostrills,) yet by some other means.”

“I beseech God to cause his face to shine upon thee, to sanctify us one for another, to prosper our intentions, to pardon us all the vanities incident about it, to give us grace to goe on in his most holy feare, that if it be his holy will and for his glory, it may, in his good time, succeed, to our mutual comfort, and the edification of both our families, meane while to indue us both with much patience and true mortification.”

Again:

“Cause your letters to be superscribed by our common friend; not so much for concealment as for safety; least the sight of a woman’s hand should tempt some curious knave to deflower them ere they come to my hands. Let your love be pure without passion, for this will weare away with age and time; when love, true, cordiall, and Christian love, will out last, will out live, even death it selfe. Remember your tyte, for so I do mine: no creature can undoe it, iff you can obtaine his consent in whose power you are. Touching competency of fortune, the lesse our expectation is, the greater our joy will be iff it succeed. I will be careful to serve God, and to use the means that may worcke my preferment. To conclude, love, thou art sure of an honest, a faithfull, and a well-meaning man, who desires neither thee nor any thing in the world, but for the glory of his Maker. Farewell!”

These are sufficient specimens of a pious courtship two hundred years ago. Well, Basire married and throve,—had children and church preferments, till, in December 1641, he was appointed chaplain to the king. Previous to this epoch, however, we must make a few brief extracts from the correspondence. The following occurs in a letter from Nathaniel Ward, vicar of Staindrop, to Basire.

“Pray tell me (he says) in your next, whether it is allowable to take an oath in a sense different from that in which it is imposed. If it be not allowable, I would far rather submit

to torture than be bound with that terrible chain. . . . For heaven’s sake, and by the sacred bonds of friendship, I implore you to state your opinion to me distinctly upon this point, as soon as possible. Tell me, moreover, what you intend to do in the matter. I cannot help quoting the exclamation of Polycarp, which you used to be afraid to commit to paper—

‘Deus bone, in que nos reservasti tempora!’”

This, from a high churchman and royalist, seems to prove that Hudibras’s sophistry upon oath-taking was no caricature:

“He that imposes an oath makes it,  
Not he that for convenience takes it:  
How, therefore, can a man be said  
To break an oath he never made?”

Yet these were good and worthy men.

“There was,” says the author, Mr. Darnell, “something eminently social, as well as practical, in the religion of this period; or, at least, in the religion of the men with whom this Memoir will make us acquainted. Friends strengthened each other in spirit, and drew their own union closer by urging their mutual wants to the throne of grace. It had not yet become a matter of form only for Christians to request each others’ prayers—the intermediate step towards that oblivion of the duty of intercession, which seems to prevail so generally.”

When the troubles arrived at a crisis, Basire took refuge in France, leaving his wife and family in indigence behind him, for church property had become the prey of the revolution. In June, 1747, he writes to his spouse:—“Here I am (not in Rouen, but as near it as Yarum is to Little Eaglescliffe): my chamber lyes me in 7 or 8 shillings a moneth: yea I have a whole little summer-house to myselve alone: only once or twice a day a little boy waits on mee for necessaries: my little house is within a garden, the most pleasant place that ever I lived in, if I had but your owne sweet selfe in it with mee. B. J.”

“Rouen, this 4th of June, 1647.”

After fencing with poverty and distress a considerable while, Basire got several pupils, sons of eminent men, with whom he travelled to Sicily, Malta, and Italy. It is curious enough, that among these boys we discover the ancestors of the present prime minister, Earl Grey, and of Lord Durham, his relative and associate. The fortunes of the house of Lambton do not appear to have been very flourish-

\* The objects of investigations in these days may also be inferred from the following passage in the letter of another clergyman. “Give me leave to request one favour more at your hands, and that is, to let me know, by 2 lines, whether in your travells you ever met with Lo’s wife’s pillar, whether you tasted of it and found it saltish, and what shape it bears at this day. Josephus reports that he saw it, but describes it not. The occasion of my query is this:—Dr. Tonstall, p. 32 of his small piece *ag. Scarb. Sp.*, fancies that shee was turned into marine salt, which cannot bee: it would have speedily melted with the moisture of the air, and so could not minister an occasion of remembrance to future ages, to take heed of the like disobedience and curiosity. I rather judge it to be a pillar of mineral salt, which dissolves not with moisture, such as Pliny tells of (*lib. 31, Nat. Hist. c. 7*), which may serve for building as well as stone. I am ready to send up my Answer to the presse, only shall wait your resolve to my query.”

ing in those days; for the worthy tutor writes to his wife:—"I have desired my Lady Lambton to pay you at one or two payments yearly 20*l*., which I shall lay out here for her son, whilst he is abroad with me." (Paris, March 1648.)—"As for Mr. Lambton, I never had yet a farthing's stipend from him, and betwixt you and mee, a bill of 50*l*., which should have come in August last, is yet uncome; so that ever since October last I have supplied him with all necessaries, so far am I from being a gainer by him (but keepe this to your selfe). However I write now to my lady to pay you ten pounds more (towards the bearing of your charges for Peter), and I shall not fail to make it good to her son. If you be forced to borrow of some good body somewhat above it, I shall doe my endeavour to discharge it, as soon as I hear from you." (Rome, March 1649.)—"Betwixt you and mee, my Lady Lambton is very slow in her supply to her son, for whom I have laid out of borrowed money, and a little of mine owne above 50*l*. unrepayd. If she would have him home, she should send a sufficient bill both to clear him, and to heare the charges of his returne; I have some moneths agoe ordered her to repay you ten pounds of what I have laid out for her son; I bad him write to the same purpose." (Padua, June 1649.)

Of Lord Grey's progenitor the notice in the same letter is curious:—"I heare Mr. Edward Gray of Howick is, God be thanked, turned Protestant. You may remember when I was last at Newcastle, what I writ to him, and now I heare there is a Scottish man in my cure at Howick. It may be the same whom I gave commission to supply the place. If so, you may perhaps, by Mr. Gray's means, procure some part in allowance out of it. I purpose to moove him about it this next weeke."

Dr. Basire's pupils having left him by degrees, he travelled for three or four years. Messina, Zante, Smyrna, Aleppo, Antioch, and Jerusalem, saw him; and the last-named places particularly, as well as various parts of Syria, in the character of a Protestant missionary, teaching and enforcing the gospel wherever he went. At last, he was invited to Transylvania by Prince Raccoci,\* the last independent prince of that province, with whom he remained, as the teacher of his son, till his overthrow and the fall of his house, before the infidels in 1660. Previous to this event, the letters between him and Mrs. Basire in England are, though not very frequent, not a little interesting. The lady's orthography has amused us, from its resemblance to the style of several ladies of our acquaintance, who to this day, in spite of the march of intellect, continue to write and spell precisely like the worthy *Mistresse Basire*, temp. Charles I. and II. If these belong to any school, therefore, we should have a right to class them with the old school. We shall extract a few sentences from Mrs. B.'s correspondence.

"Our dotter Mary is at hom with me; she is (I praise God) a relegos child, and serveable to me. Mr. Hums hath tout her to rit. My lady had a gret love and care of her. I found her all her close, and paid Mr. Broune for teching her on the verginalls. I shall have a care of all the rest, as much as in me lais. I ret to my frend Busby,† according to your

\* "Nothing (says Basire in a letter to this prince) reflects more honour upon the family of Raccoci than this, that your illustrious grandfather, Sigismund, of glorious memory, with a few other pious Hungarian chiefs, printed at their own expense, at Vitol, in the year 1590, the first edition of the Bible entire, in the Hungarian language."

† The famous Dr. Busby; and a staunch friend of Dr. Basire.

desire, about Isacke, but neuer had ansar from him. I very much desire, if it ples God to settel you at Rome, that he may com to you. I do thinke he will be a gret comfort to you, and loves rising early to go to coul. When I tel him I haue had a letter from you, he axes if you haue send for him. They are all very well, praised be God, and present thire duty to you, and John is lerning fast to red a chapte in the Bibel agens Easter, that he may haue breches, and then he would faine see his father, as I should be if it ples God to send vs a good opportunity. I shall rit to Monsieur Roussell. I have not hard of Peter a long time. I haue send you a bill of all the monny I haue reseue from you this five years and almost a half, to a farthing; and I haue set doune what I haue paid out and laid out, in my hous and on my self and oure chedren. • • •

"My Dearest,—I prais God for your well-fare, but I found it something heuie for me to beare your being so far from me, and being a hole year but tow dais afore I hard from you, wich is your letter 22 of July I haue, and your in May to me and your frends, with your tokens, are mesearied as all mine to you. Now I rit to you tow for won, and send them according to your tow dyrexons. I sent you a not of the barell of oyle, and of all the parshalls of coreans you sent me from Zant; but the oyle and the last corans ware not of the best, wich made them thy gaue not so much as you thought. I haue all my unkel's letters to show what they all cam to, and haue them all rit doune; and all the monnis I hau had from you, and the twenty pounds you sent me twelue moneths agoe, when you went for Gerusalem. • • •

"I shall not fail to pray for your nobel frend Mr. Daniell Penington, but yet enuie him that he should enjoy that happines I want. But so that you are wall and content I hall holy submet to God, tel he see it for me to injoy what I want. I thanke you very kindly for all your gret and constan loue to me, thouse so far of and so long as all mos seuen years. I do ashoure you mine is the sam to you. For Isaac, I haue ret to my frend Busbe, but haue had no ansar. I heaue let him know by Mr. Carter that you haue ret to him but hit mis caried, and I ret to her to send me his ansar, and I shall let you know, and the tim I haue them all with me, I shall, God willing, bring them vp as well as I can. Our doter Mary is very seruicable to me when I am not wall. I haue ben very sore trobeled with the stone in the kidney, and a weknes in the bake. For the ston I haue got som gewre, but for my bake I thinke it will be hard to get it gewored. I prais God I am very wall, and I cro fat. Your delite heare is very wall. Oure 4 children heare present thire duty to you. John very much desirs to see his father, for he sais he is gon so far as he thinke he knas not the way bak, or els he wants a hors. I pray God send vs all a happy meeting."

This *cro-ing fat* with two such complaints is no fudge; for the good lady repeats in another letter, long after:

"The paine of my back and the stone do very much in cree, and yet I kip fat. I want whit wain to take my pouthers in, heare is non to be got tht is god. I do hartily prais God for your prospering in your *cauling*, and thy that torn many to ritousnes thy shall shine as stars. Wee do extremly want you and your brethern here, for there are very many that is fallen from the faith."

Having given so much to the wife's letters, we cannot (nor is it requisite) allow space for

the husband's letters from Transylvania. A schedule of the goods he left there is, however, rather a characteristic document, and we insert it.

"1. A painted chest full of clothing. 2. A lesser painted chest, containing four silver cups parcel-gilt, together with six silver spoons. 3. One other chest of wood, full of manuscripts and mathematical instruments. 4. A large leathern Turkish basket (commonly called a *sapet*) full of books. 5. A vessel containing furniture belonging to the bed. The bed is of down, and of a large size; the pillow long, and also of down; curtains and tester of green silk; a silk counterpane; an embroidered counterpane stuffed with cotton (the value of the bed alone 150 crowns or imperials); a few pairs of sheets. 6. New towels, napkins, &c. 7. A rich Turkish carpet, quite new. 8. A green and a parti-coloured carpet. 9. Six embroidered bands. 10. Several boxes of orichalc. 11. Black silk stockings. 12. A red nightcap. 13. A small medicine chest of wood, containing drugs. 14. Manuscripts. The chief are as follows:—Theological lectures on Wolllebius—Hebrew lectures on Psalm xxxiv. and Proverbs 1.—All the lectures on metaphysics read by me at Alba Julia—Two separate treatises on the beautiful and on order—Problem. Whether a husband may beat his wife. *Negativus*.—Several academical orations—Funeral orations to the pious memory of the celebrated M. Keresturi, court-preacher, and of M. Professor Bisterfeld, my predecessor—Various itineraries, particularly one relating to the East, in different languages, bound in green (an Arabic MS. bound in quarto)—A disputation in MS. held in the university of Alba, between Dr. Isaac Basire and N. Krykowsky, a Polish doctor and Jesuit, anno 1658.—A MS. vol. in 8vo. containing a collection of various Hungarian synods—A new doctor's silk gown, à l'Anglaise, with rich silk trimming; which gown, with the cassock and apron, cost me 120 imperials or crowns. And many other such like things, which in my confusion do not occur to me. Other articles, which I cannot immediately recollect, may easily be known, either by the form of the garment, by the marking, or by some other indication."

Charles II. was not forgetful of Basire's loyalty and sufferings in the cause of his father. In 1661, on his return to England, "he was re-appointed to his stall at Durham, his rectory at Eggleston, and the archdeaconry of Northumberland; and Cosins, then become Bishop of Durham, prevailed upon the intruder at Stanhope, 'Andrew Lamant, a Scottish man,' to resign the rectory, and to take Longnewton in exchange."

Evelyn, by the by, in his *Diary*, mentions his preaching in Westminster Abbey, 10th July, 1661, and calls him "that great traveller, or rather French apostle, who had been planting the church of England in divers parts of the Levant and Asia. He shewed that the church of England was for purity of doctrine, substance, decency, and beauty, the most perfect under heaven; that England was the very land of Goshen." And, Oct. 29, 1662, the same author says, "I went to court this evening, and had much discourse with Dr. Basiers, one of his majesty's chaplains, who shewed me the syngraphs and original subscriptions of divers eastern patriarchs and Asian churches to our confession."

In spite of his example, his son Peter apostatised to the church of Rome, much to the mortification of his father. After this, the volume is a good deal occupied with local clerical matters and law-suits, of no interest to the public now. We shall, therefore, bring our review to a close, with a short extract or two of antiquarian curiosity. The expenses of Basire's sons Peter and Charles, as students at Cologne in 1666, are thus rendered to the doctor.

"In our dyet . . . . .	6 13 11
In tuition . . . . .	1 0 0
For my bed and sheetes, which I hyre a quarter . . . . .	0 11 0
For mending and turning my (only) suite, for bookes, Toba, and private expenses, wherein may be mentioned (yet which I would omit, but that you delight in punctuality), some shillings given at the receipt of the Sacrament, dayes of fasting, and publick collections. I say in all, in these private expenses . . . . .	2 4 6
Total of our quarter . . . . .	10 9 5

\* We should like to see a modern *essay* on this point of domestic policy.—*Ed.*

"We might table out for 4l. a gre., but Mr. Peck thought to have lessened expenses by keeping house: what to do, he resolves not till he see Mr. Grove. . . . The want of a bed and 2 paire of sheetes, puts me to the charge of 11sh. a gre. Besides this quarterly expenses, all the members of colleges are put to charges in detriments, though absent. The Lord remove from us the occasion of our abode here! expecting which, I remaine, reverend sir, your dutifull son,  
PETER BASIRE.

"Colne, Sber, 13.—66.

"Be pleased to present my h. service to the Reverend Mr. Wrench. May you not be offended that I name Tobacchow here, for lesse I take than I did by halfe, each day, stinting myselfe, but I pay a dearer rate for it. I beseech you, vouchsafe (if safe) to send me my trunk, for I want a trunk, and would buy none."

At last, at the ripe age of three score and ten, Dr. Basire departed this life, October 12, 1676, having lost his wife in the July preceding. His tomb still remains in the Abbey Yard of Durham, near the north door; and his arms are emblazoned on the east window of Stanhope church. His own family failed in the second generation, for he had but one grandchild, who died in infancy. The Basires, eminent engravers, though from Normandy, were not related to him. We conclude with his testimony in favour of the church of which he was a worthy member, as it is solemnly given in his last will, and upon the eve of his death.

"And I doe further protest, that haueing taken a serious survey of most Christian churches, both easterne and westerne, I haue not found a parallell of the church of England, both for soundnes of apostolically doctrine and catholique decipline."

*Haverhill; or, Memoirs of an Officer in the Army of Wolfe.* By James Athearn Jones. 3 vols. London, 1831. T. and W. Boone.

MR. JONES is rather a man of information than one with talent for fictitious narrative. He has evidently literary tastes, and has acquired a great mass of varied knowledge, which he has put forth in the shape of a novel, without once considering his own fitness for the task. The story is unconnected and improbable to the last degree, but many of the scenes are sketched with much truth and spirit. We like the first volume much; its pictures of American lower life seem to vouch for their own truth. It strikes us that our author would write a better work of travels than a novel.

*American trees.*—"It is a curious fact, and one not to be accounted for on natural principles, nor with propriety to be attributed to the prevalence of winds strongly impregnated with salt, that the first settlers—the pilgrims, as they are called, of the northern states of America, found both hill and dale, to the very brink of the ocean, clothed with a stately growth of trees, many species of which are not now to be found within thirty miles of the spots where then they constituted the bulk of the forest. The naked hills and continuous arable levels which now present themselves at every point of the coast, and where the larch, the ash, and many other species of trees, cannot now be made to grow, were then covered with dense and luxuriant forests, of which the above-named trees formed a principal part. In the low grounds, upon the southern shore of New England, they frequently dig up the stumps of red cedar and other trees, which will no more grow in that particular spot now than the

manchineel or palm. If we were permitted to give to inanimate objects the feelings and passions of human beings, we might imagine these venerable tenants of the soil to determine on death rather than witness the occupation of their home by strangers."

*American dwelling of one of the first settlers.*—

"This miserably poor and crazy cabin was, in height, but a single story of seven feet. Originally it consisted of two apartments on the ground floor,—a front room and a kitchen. To this building various additions had been made, from time to time, as the occurrence of some fortunate circumstance supplied my father with the means to make them. About the time of my brother James's birth, a French brig ran on the rocks below his cabin, and his share of the booty (my readers are, probably, aware that it is accounted no sin to plunder a wrecked vessel—a 'godsend') enabled him to add a porch. Soon after, a dead whale, with a harpoon, marked 'Hezekiah Coffin, Nantucket,' sticking in it, came on shore, and my father was the lucky finder; the blubber enabled him to add a large dormitory, in the form of a projection, called, in America, a 'salt-box;' the architectural designation is, I believe, a 'lean-to.' This latter apartment, rough as unplanned deal could well be, unplastered, and lighted only by two windows of twenty-four by sixteen inches, was occupied by my sisters, as their sleeping-room. The garret, or attic, was appropriated to various and discordant uses. It served as a store-room for the implements of our business—the seines, nets, hooks, &c., as well as the usual lumber of our family, and it was, also, the bedchamber of myself and my brothers. Our winter's provision of dried fish was piled up in one corner, and in another stood the barrel of pork, which occasionally furnished a garnish to our dinner of bass, or perch, or other 'pan-fish,' as they call those kinds which are deemed most palatable when cooked by frying them. My father and mother slept in the 'room,' as the principal or front apartment in a New England dwelling-house is, by way of excellence, called, and a low bedstead, made to shove under, and be hidden by the larger—I believe they call it a trundle-bed—was my little brother's place of repose for the night. The ordering of the interior of the cabin in other respects was of a piece with its exterior apparelling, and that was of the roughest kind. A rude wainscoting of unplanned deal board lined the whole of the interior of the house proper. When I inform my readers that the chimney, when a north-wind blew, did not 'carry smoke' well, the colour of this wainscot may be imagined. Into this rough and smoke-dried ceiling, at various points, nails, hooks, and wooden pins, were driven, upon which were suspended fish-lines, coils of rope, guns, powder-horns, the great-coats and jackets of the male members of the family, hats, boots, and other articles too numerous to mention. Shelves were fixed over the fireplace, and upon these were ostentatiously displayed my dear mother's wealth of crockery and glass. The remnant of a dozen gaudy cups and saucers, which had been presented to her by the master of a stranded vessel some years before—a milk-white punch-bowl and toddy jug, which had belonged to my maternal grandfather, Captain Banks, and, it was whispered, had thrice occasioned the stranding, and, eventually, the complete 'swamping,' of the *Loving Couple*—a pair of old-fashioned trellis-work fruit-baskets—a splendid China coffee-pot, without nose or handle, but used by my sisters to keep their necklaces and ear-rings in

—together with the remains of at least twenty dilapidated sets of pottery and glass, wasted by the operation of time and 'battered fingers,' till, in the language of the trade, these were but 'show patterns' left,—adorned, in the opinion of my mother and her gossips, those precious shelves. There was another shelf in the middle of the room, formed by fastening the ends of a board to the cross-beams which supported the ceiling. This shelf was the repository of the cheese, ham, and various other important matters connected with household economy."

*October.*—"Then, for the pleasures of October: list to the troop of disorderly urchins on the alert for the walnut and chestnut forest, or bending beneath their rich prize, a basket of half-ripe grapes, the while shouting most obstreperously. See the happy shooter, cap in hand, his dog at his heels, creeping upon the unsuspecting wild duck, or, happier still, returning with two or three brace, sometimes a dozen, which he has 'killed flying' (the great boast of an American duck-shooter), unutterably proud of the feat, and happier than a courtier to whom majesty has nodded. October is, in America, emphatically the 'sportsman's month,' and thence its approach is hailed with a lively joy by all who love duck-shooting,—in other words, nine in ten of those who dwell on the margin of the Atlantic ocean. For the space of four or five hundred leagues, the coast is dotted with small lakes or ponds, of greater or less extent; and these, in October and during the whole of autumn, till the rigours of winter shut them up, are the resorts of immense flocks of wild-fowl. They are pursued with a singleness of purpose, which leads to so much poverty and wretchedness, that the best argument ever brought forward to prove the expediency and benefit of the English game-laws, is the evil consequences of an unrestrained exercise, in America, of the liberty they abridge in England."

*A Huskings.*—"Another amusement of the lower classes is found in what are called 'huskings.' The occasion is this: when the *maize*, or Indian corn, becomes ripe and fit to be gathered, notice is given that, 'on such or such a night, Mr. Johnson or Mr. Smith will have a husking.' Mr. J. or Mr. S. go to work and gather in their corn, which is deposited on a clean piece of sward, unhusked, i. e. unstripped of its leaves, in rows of greater or lesser length, nicely rowed up. Upon the stated night, at about seven or eight o'clock, crowds of young men and boys begin to assemble from far and near, coming sometimes fifteen miles to take part in the frolic. They labour in stripping the husks from the ears of corn till the whole is finished, which may be eleven or twelve o'clock at night. As the labour is not of a nature to compel them to be silent, and as rum is circulated profusely, you may be sure that a noisier crowd is seldom seen out of the halls of Momus. Songs, generally profane and indelicate, shouts, Indian war-whoops, sounds in imitation of the barking of dogs and crowing of cocks, interspersed with the rough 'yo heave ho's' of the sea—every thing that can make discord except 'drums, trumpets, blunderbusses, guns, and thunder,' is to be heard by a listener upon one of those occasions. If there is a poor negro present, he is sure to have the 'devil and all played upon his black carcass.' Poor old Caesar! How have I seen thee pelted with 'rotten ears,' which came from so many different places at once, that it was utterly impossible to charge the offence upon any particular person, or to say, as Na-



than said to David, 'Thou art the man.' I can almost fancy now, when forty years have passed, that I hear the sound, 'Now for the nigger!' 'Hit the white of his eye, Bill!' 'Aim for his teeth, John Grey!' 'Fire high, Bluster!' and the poor creature's complaining outcries. 'Dere! side a head, massa Lynn!' 'O dear, hit de nigger on he's tummock!' 'B'lieve dey killa me!' &c. &c. But Caesar was always paid, and overpaid, before the company separated. He was feasted till he could feast no longer. His own language was, 'Swear I neber eat so much afore.' Money, too, was showered in profusion upon him. Every one who fancied he had hit him gave him a penny: and, as all were anxious to be thought to excel in this kind of shuttlecock, Caesar usually went home the largest proprietor of copper in the parish. When the corn was all husked, dancing, drinking, and feasting, (the bait which had been held out to collect the company together) began, and continued, without intermission, till daylight. I should have mentioned, that many of the rustic beaux brought their girls upon pillions behind them, so that there was the admixture and proportion of the sexes requisite to a well-ordered dance. A custom which usually created a little commotion deserves to be mentioned: whoever, in husking, found ears of red corn, or who could get others to give them to him, was entitled to claim from the girls a kiss for each and every one he held. The penalty was always demanded, and, as ladies are the last to abrogate good old customs, it was always paid, unwillingly they said, but, nevertheless, they paid it."

*Curious Action at Law.*—"One case which attracted considerable attention, and created a deal of talk was this:—A sailor, by name Jack Saunders,—I like to be particular, the doing so stamps an air of credibility upon your narrative, for it passes the capability of human impudence to invent such a thing as a name:—Jack hired a horse to go from our village to Pinfold, across Wapping's Creek. Saunders had been drinking a little too much; and, while crossing the creek, which had been swollen by recent rains, the horse, which was a very restive one, threw him, and he was drowned. The horse was arrested, and tried for murder, but was acquitted, from want of testimony that he did the act from malice prepense! It was maintained,—out of doors, however,—I never heard what the judge's opinion was, that an indictment for homicide could have been sustained."

*American Shopkeeper.*—"In giving the early history of Timothy Dexter, I shall describe nine in ten of the lesser shopkeepers in America. He was a friendless boy, and made his way to the high dignity of a shopkeeper solely by prudence, economy, and dexterity in traffic, aided, perhaps, a little, by cunning and overreaching. Born of parents, the lowest of the low, vulgar, ignorant, and depraved, he had, at a very early age, shaken off the clogs imposed by his parentage and poverty, and stood forth conspicuous for a talent which bade fair to give him riches. In the language of the country, he was known to be a 'right smart lad,' 'a keen chap,' 'a real shaver,' all expressions declaring the popular opinion of his thrift and sagacity. His commercial career may be dated from his ninth birthday. The nature, quantity, and value of the transaction which developed his trading tact, is characteristic, and deserves to be recorded. His first speculation was in bones!—beef-bones; the quantity, half a Winchester bushel. A year before this memorable era in the fortunes of Mr. Dexter, a button-mould maker, travelling

through the village in quest of the raw material of his trade, employed the boy Timothy to collect it, promising to give him half-a-crown per Winchester bushel, for all he should collect. The boy instantly set about the task, and unweariedly employed himself, until he had, as he supposed, acquired the property in half-a-crown. But he was doomed to have his hopes prostrated; his employer disappeared, leaving the bones in the hands of their unremunerated collector. It was not in the nature of the prudent boy to throw aught away, and it was quite as foreign to it to give any thing away, which might, by any the remotest possibility, become valuable, and he deposited the bones in one of the dark nooks of his father's garret, where they remained undisturbed for many months. It so happened, in some moment of boyish intercourse, that an act of more than usual kindness in an associate melted his heart, and, to shew his sense of the favour, he gave him his bones! Repentance, sincere and fervent, soon followed. The occurrence of which I am about to speak was minuted down by him as a warning against the indulgence of grateful feelings in after-years, and was the cause, it was said, why it was the last generous action he was ever known to perform. The button-maker returned, and renewed his offer. His prodigality, and the loss he had sustained by his thoughtless gratitude, cut him to the heart. After deliberating a few minutes, he went to the donee, and demanded back the bones. They were returned, and Tim hastened with them to the button-maker, and received his half-crown. This was the capital with which my brother-in-law commenced business, and this was the occurrence which gave him, in after life, the nickname, or epithet, of 'Tim Bones.' I should mention that he had another, 'Sorril,' given him by the boys, on account of his red hair. It was that by which he was always known, until the affair of the button-maker occurred. Indeed, it is to be doubted whether he knew he had any other; for when he was asked by his catechist, 'what was his name?' he answered, 'Sorril,' and upon being asked who gave it him? he answered, 'the boys in the parish.'"

He laid out the two shillings and sixpence received for bones in the 'tongues and sounds' of cod-fish, collected here and there fresh, and, therefore, cheap. These, when cured, he 'swapped' for a keg of rum, which, with the aid of a cool and sweet rivulet, near at hand, he turned into a fine penny. He went on plodding and speculating, at once the admiration and the laughing-stock of the village."

We omit the very elderly joke of the warming pans, and proceed with Mr. Dexter's career.

"He went on accumulating stock and increasing in means, till soon his shop exhibited something better than a beggarly account of empty boxes. Withal, he began to use the conventual and trades-cant language of his craft; learned better than to call thirteen pence 'one and one pence,' as it was said he did when he first opened his shop; and talked, with a glib tongue, of 'losing bargains,' 'remarkably cheap,' 'bought at a sacrifice,' 'sold at a loss,' and other matters, which, if fibbing be punished in another world, will go very near to fill the naughty place with haberdashers, grocers, mercers, milliners, and all that sort of thing. He was very punctual in his payments, and, I believe, as nearly honest as a trader can be. That is, his weights and measures were within ten per cent of the legal standard; he sold his sugar with a trifling alloy of sand, and put very little water into his liquors, unless he bought them much stronger than they ought to be, for

the good of the public and the interests of morality, when his visits to the rivulet were more frequent. Upon the whole, he was called, and I think with reason, an honest trader. A more industrious man than he never lived. Every morning, an hour before the lark was abroad, he opened the doors of his shop, and swept it out, took down the shutters of his window, dusted the goods, washed the counter, rinsed the drinking-cups, and was prepared to accommodate the boatmen and early stirrers with the rum, biscuits, and other things required to their fitting out for the day's labour. Those were times when early rising, and incessant watchfulness, unceasing industry, and frugality in expense, brought a man to wealth. His principal capital, then, was industry and punctuality; his bank was the good report of men; and his endorser's economy and good management."

We shall conclude, as a story ought to finish, with an offer of marriage.

"As soon as silence could be restored, my father demanded of my sister what answer should be made Mr. Dexter. The business was soon settled by her modest acknowledgment, that she didn't know, but she *guessed* that, if they thought it for the best, she would venture to—to marry him. 'But do you like him?' asked my father. 'Why s-o-m-e,' said Jenny; 'and I guess I shall like him more the more I know of him.'"

There is a very beautiful Indian story in the second volume. Mr. Jones is, we believe, the author of that wild and, in parts, highly poetical work, the *Tales of an Indian Camp*, in which are some most imaginative legends.

#### Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

[Second Notice.]

BEFORE we proceed to our promised continuation of this review, it behoves us to offer some remarks upon the extraordinary attacks to which we have been exposed in consequence of our preceding notice. With this matter we should not think it worth while to trouble our readers, were it simply individual or personal; but as it will tend to throw light on the system of puffing and abuse, so actively employed to promote the sale of indifferent books, and weaken the force of honest criticism, we will venture to tell a plain story about this Life of Lawrence, and the remarks connected with it which have appeared in several journals."

With regard to the character we gave the work, we leave it to the public to decide whether it is the true one or not. We see no cause to retract an iota of our judgment, though we have some reason to wish we had been less severe upon the faults of the author. Yet certainly, upon the face of his book, he alone was to be held accountable for its blemishes and faults; for its manufactory of trivial details

\* The *Age* and the *Courier*, *par nobile fratrum*, have been the principal instruments through which the review of the *Literary Gazette* has been assailed in this instance; the former in one of those many paragraphs which are obviously sent in and paid for as advertisements, though not marked as such; and the latter in a form which has yet more cunningly the appearance of a spontaneous literary notice. The former discovers that we are coarse; the latter, that our Journal is much indebted to the extracts which we make from new publications. We believe it would puzzle the writer in the *Age* to point out three examples of coarseness which had escaped our vigilance in fourteen volumes of the *Gazette*; and as for our exclaiming new books by quotations, we really do not know how we could well manage without. But when did the *Courier*, which has always so liberally praised our plan and exertions, find out this sad defect? It should ever be remembered, that the *Literary Gazette* admits nothing for payment, except its regular advertisements; and that newspapers of every other kind make as regular a traffic of paragraphs as of advertisements.



and words to fill up nearly a whole volume; and for the errors and misstatements as to facts that we detected on almost all the leading points of which it treated.

But, then, neither we nor the public could be aware of the mode in which such jobs are performed, and of the many excuses which may be set up for the actual doers of them. We consider it a great pity that a clever person, like Mr. Williams, should have lent his name to countenance one of these jobs; and we hope what has been said will be a lesson to him, and to all other literary men of reputation and ability, not to suffer themselves to be betrayed into a participation in such concerns. Leave them to the tricks of the trade, and the poor hacks who are employed (in reluctant beggary) on the journey-work of modern book-making.

We will believe what is stated to us, that the materials obtained for the *Life of Lawrence* were originally so scanty, that without the aid of most ingenious dilution it was impossible to contemplate the production of even one tolerably priced volume. And therefore Mr. Williams was called upon to spin out his narrative, so as to render it justly objectionable to our censure.

We also believe, that when farther and more eligible matter was obtained, it came in such a questionable shape, that no editor could be answerable for its accuracy. For example, Sir T. Lawrence's letters might not be the originals, but copies furnished by Mr. Keightley, his attorney, friend, and executor. Without impeaching Mr. Keightley in the slightest degree—for we are assured he is a very respectable individual—we have no hesitation in saying that we put no such faith in the correctness of documents so filtered, as we would in the *litera scripta* of Lawrence himself.\* The omission, or alteration, or even accidental mis-transcription of a few words, would make all the difference in the world.

But this is not enough to vitiate the "*Life and Correspondence*"!!! We also believe, that the very letters, after they were printed,—and we here particularly refer to those which related to, or passed between, Sir Thomas and Mrs. Wolff,—were submitted to a highly respected lady, whom we have the pleasure to know well and esteem much, and who, out of regard to the memory of the parties, very kindly struck her pen through every passage which could suggest an idea of their affectionate intimacy being aught beyond platonic. This is a subject upon which we regret being obliged to speak; but, impugned as we are by paid-for paragraphs, as malicious as they are false, we are compelled so far to abate the feelings which must actuate every gentleman in such affairs, and ask Mrs. Dr. Hughes if this be true or not?

We care not to inquire into the nature of the attachment between the fine-minded Lawrence and the beautiful and accomplished lady alluded to. Let hypocrites and bigots resort to lies and fabrications, in order to represent it as it may suit them: we cannot even respect their motives; and hapless would it be for humanity if that which they attempt to conceal should be deemed so deep a damnation as to claim no sympathy on earth, no tear of pity from recording angels to blot it out for ever.

We have now given the public a little insight into the fashion of concocting books of this kind. Our knowledge was acquired after our

last *Gazette* appeared; but does it not shew that our appreciation was just, though formed simply upon the work itself? Does it not shew that we were only not severe enough, because we were unacquainted with these disgraceful circumstances? Nor do we mean to insist that such conduct is unparalleled: on the contrary, there is hardly a recent work of biography which is not liable to the same charge of being stultified by suppressions and misrepresentations.

But we do insist upon one thing,—that we have merely discharged our public duty, without respect to persons,—who are sedulously accused of being subservient, forsooth! to particular publishers, and are every now and then, by a turn of the wheel, reviled for unjust severity towards their publications. So it is to hold on a steady and impartial course—a course certainly not very intelligible to the corrupt, nor very palatable to the envious, nor very agreeable to the interested; but, nevertheless, a very gratifying, and, thanks to the public approbation of it, not a very unprofitable course to the Editor and a principal proprietor, of this *Journal*.\*

A few farther selections from the work which has forced us to this episode may now relieve the reader. From a continental letter we copy Lawrence's account of Metternich.

"His daughter, though never in England, speaks English remarkably well, and is to him, in intellect and nature, and in their mutual affection, what Portia was to Cicero. I do not compare a modern statesman to that father of Roman eloquence, (sanctified by all honours of history and time,) except in height of political importance, and in the certain existence of this sweet, domestic feeling. That you may know part of the link that binds me to him, besides his kindness, and the circumstances of fortune, see him with me at Tivoli, before the lower tremendous cascade, which is out of view of the town, though, if you look up, you just catch the Sibyl's temple. We were standing alone and silent before it, just so far distant as not to be stunned by the noise.—'And here,' he said, 'it flows on—always majestic, always great; not caring whether it has audience or not; with no feelings of rivalry for power! Here is no envy, no exertion for an effect. Content with its own grandeur, no vanity, no *amour propre* are here.' If you were to tell this to our diplomacy or politicians, of the dexterous, ambitious, politic Metternich—of him who endured that audience of a day with Bonaparte at Dresden, and is reproached by Lord Grey with having so entirely deceived him—of Prince Metternich in society—the gay, the quizzing Metternich—they would never believe, or would sagely ridicule the tale: but it is this Metternich that I love, who, when dressed for the ambassador's party, his equipage and attendants waiting, at half-past ten at night, on my sole call, at my suggestion, could change his dress, take me to his daughter's room, where she was at her little supper, at her husband's bedside, who was ill with slight fever, persuade his 'Marie' to put on her bon-

net and cloak, and come with us to see the Colosseum by the moonlight that was then shining in purest lustre, where we staid till, on our stopping at the French ambassador's, he found it was twelve o'clock. He had then to make a slight change of dress; but I had none with me, and declined entering, and was therefore getting out of the carriage to return in my own, which had followed me with Edward. Prince Metternich, however, would not permit it, but desired me to remain with his daughter, and conduct her home, which I then did. One short anecdote of her, and I conclude this too long letter. On my one day expressing surprise at her preferring the Netherlands to any country she had seen, she said, 'It is so cultivated—the peasantry are so happy. I know it has not rocks and waterfalls, but God made the country for man; and where he is not happy, ah! it is in vain that you tell me of rocks and waterfalls.' This was said in a steady, even tone of voice, without raising her eyes from her work, as an inward and unheard sentiment."

The accounts of the Princess Charlotte are so interesting, that we need offer no excuse for adding them here.

"She once said, 'I am a great coward, but I bluster it out like the best of them till the danger's over.' I was told by one of the members of the council awaiting her delivery, that Dr. Baillie came in, and said in answer to some inquiries, 'She's doing very well: she'll not die of fear: she puts a good Brunswick face upon the matter.' She had a surprisingly quick ear, which I was pleasantly warned of: whilst playing whist, which being played for shillings, was not the most silent game I ever witnessed, she would suddenly reply to something that the baron or I would be talking of, in the lowest tone, at the end of the room, whilst her companions at the table were ignorant of the cause of her observations. I have increased respect for the Bishop of Salisbury, because he appeared to have fully performed his duty in her education. She had, as I have said, great knowledge of the history of this country, and in the businesses of life, and a readiness in anecdotes of political parties in former reigns. How often I see her now entering the room, (constantly on his arm,) with slow but firm step, always erect,—and the small but elegant proportion of her head to her figure, of course more striking from her situation. Her features, as you see, were beautifully cut; her clear blue eyes, so open, so like the fearless purity of truth, that the most experienced parasite must have turned from it when he dared to lie. I was stunned by her death: it was an event in the great drama of life. The return from Elba! Waterloo! St. Helena! Princess Charlotte dead!—I did not grieve, I have not grieved half enough for her: yet I never think of her, speak of her, write of her, without tears, and have often, when alone, addressed her in her bliss, as though she now saw me, heard me: and it is because I respect her for her singleness of worth, and am grateful for her past and meditated kindness. Her manner of addressing Prince Leopold was always as affectionate as it was simple; 'My love;' and his always, 'Charlotte.' I told you that when we went in from dinner they were generally sitting at the piano-forte, often on the same chair. I never heard her play, but the music they had been playing was always of the finest kind. I was at Claremont, on a call of inquiry, the Saturday before her death. Her last command to me was, that I should bring down the picture to give to Prince Leopold upon his birth-

\* It is a fact, we are assured, that one letter, purporting to have been written by Lawrence, was absolutely rejected as a forgery, which would implicate such contradictions as must injure him.—*Ed. L. G.*

\* We are ashamed to occupy attention with our own affairs, and usually pass over in silent contempt the innumerable attacks of which we are the object. How perfectly independent we are, the present ebullition of abuse will demonstrate: but next week, month, and year, as the week, month, and year before, we shall be just as much as ever described as under the control of any bookseller it may please the slanderous to suppose. To all such interested falsehoods we would answer at once, that were we guided by no more honourable principles, our property in the *Literary Gazette* is far above the influence of any (or of every) house in London.

day, the 16th of the next month. The etching was given me in a grateful moment, a sad one, too, (for he was in tears,) by Colnaghi. He was her printseller, and she had made a large collection—all Sir Joshua's, Vandyke's, &c. He used to attend her when Miss Knight was with her, and saw her execute the thing, the first impression of which she gave to him. I eagerly caught at his saying, 'I was more worthy of it,' and more than half asked him for it.

"The prince was looking exceedingly pale; but he received me with calm firmness, and that low subdued voice, that you know to be the effort at composure. He spoke at once about the picture and of its value to him more than to all the world besides. From the beginning to the close of the interview, he was greatly affected. He checked his first burst of affection, by adverting to the public loss, and that of the royal family. 'Two generations gone!—gone in a moment! I have felt for myself, but I have felt for the Prince Regent. My Charlotte is gone from this country—it has lost her. She was a good, she was an admirable woman. None could know my Charlotte as I did know her! It was my happiness, my duty to know her character, but it was my delight.' During a short pause I spoke of the impression it had made on me. 'Yes, she had a clear, fine understanding, and very quick—she was candid, she was open, and not suspecting, but she saw characters at the glance—she read them so true. You saw her; you saw something of us—you saw us for some days—you saw our year! Oh! what happiness—and it was solid—it could not change, for we knew each other—except when I went out to shoot, we were together always, and we could be together—we did not tire.' I tried to check this current of recollection, that was evidently overpowering him (as it was me) by a remark on a part of the picture, and then on its likeness to the youth of the old king. 'Ah! and my child was like her, for one so young, (as if it had really lived in childhood). For one so young it was surprisingly like—the nose, it was higher than children's are—the mouth, so like hers; so cut, (trying to describe its mouth on his own). My grief did not think of it, but if I could have had a drawing of it! She was always thinking of others, not of herself—no one so little selfish—always looking out for comfort for others. She had been for hours, for many hours, in great pain—she was in that situation where selfishness must act if it exists—when good people will be selfish, because pain makes them so—and my Charlotte was not—any grief could not make her so! She thought our child was alive; I knew it was not, and I could not support her mistake. I left the room, for a short time: in my absence they took courage, and informed her. When she recovered from it, she said, 'Call in Prince Leopold—there is none can comfort him but me!' My Charlotte! my dear Charlotte! And now, looking at the picture, he said, 'Those beautiful hands, that at the last, when she was talking to others were always looking out for mine!' I need not tell you my part in this interview; he appeared to rely on my sharing his thoughts. Towards the close of our interview, I asked him, 'If the princess at the last felt her danger?' He said, 'No; my Charlotte thought herself very ill, but not in danger. And she was so well but an hour and a half after the delivery!—And she said I should not leave her again—and I should sleep in that room—and she should have in the sofa-bed—and she should have it where she liked—she

herself would have it fixed. She was strong, and had so much courage, yet once she seemed to fear. You remember she was affected when you told her that you could not paint my picture just at that time; but she was much more affected when we were alone—and I told her I should sit when we went to Marlborough House after her confinement. 'Then,' she said, 'if you are to sit when you go to town, and after my confinement—then I may never see that picture.' My Charlotte felt she never should."

The delightful letters of Lawrence are, as we have stated, quite sufficient to buoy up the publication on the tide of popularity. With regard to the other parts:—labourers poorly remunerated cannot be expected to produce aught but crude and hurried works: and it may be farther observed, that whoever once embarks in a publisher's job (a most harassing and ill-requited occupation), is too often obliged to comply with any terms, and shape the business any way, or lose the opportunity altogether. How injurious this book-making and literary jobbing is to the general cause of literature, must be obvious to every reader, even to those to whom it is mere matter of distant complaint.

*Family Library, XXII. Lives of Scottish Worthies. Vol. I. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. F.R.S. and F.S.A. J. Murray.*

WE are indebted to the pen of one of the ablest historians of the age for this well-conceived and well-executed volume. To say that it is worthy of being placed side by side with the best of its own series, or of any other of this class of publication, is only to do it bare justice; and it requires no more. The Worthies are Alexander III., Michael Scott, Sir William Wallace, and Robert Bruce—glorious names, and connected with epochs of the most stirring and interesting description.

The condition of Scotland during the reign of Alexander, including the famous invasion of Haco, king of Norway, affords Mr. Tytler a fine opportunity for displaying his ample historical research. The narrative is delightful; and the Norse Chronicle and Chronicle of Melros are made quite familiar to us in a most agreeable garb. Many points of curious and important antiquity are also popularly illustrated. The following suggestion touching the discovery of America will, however, probably stagger most of its readers.

"In Scotland, Thorstein, the daughter of Oleif and Audur, in conjunction with Sigurd, earl of Orkney, got possession of Caithness; and this heroine, having established her grandchildren in the Orkneys and Ferros, was one of the many leaders of colonies from the Sudreyar, or South Isles, to Iceland, where it is remarkable that the new inhabitants had dedicated the first church built in that island to St. Columba; and from this remote island, there is strong reason to believe, that the first discovery of America was made by Biorn, son of Heriolf, about the year 1000, almost five hundred years before the voyage of the more celebrated Columbus."

We select an old legend from Fordun, and the remarks of Mr. Tytler, as a fair specimen of the work.

"It happened upon a time," says he, "that Ralph, abbot of Kinloss, was on a journey, along with some brother abbots of the Cistercian order, who were summoned to attend a general chapter. Their cook travelled along

with them; and one day observing the abbots to be much tired and worn out, having zeal, but not according to knowledge, (I use the expressions of the historian,) 'he mixed a quantity of flesh with the fish-stews which he was preparing for his superiors, and by the cunning of his art, so cooked it up, that it became exquisitely savoury, but yet seemed only to be fish fried in butter. The abbots ate largely, but asked no questions for conscience sake; and then, as was their wont after meals, retired to bed. Deep sleep fell upon all except the Abbot of Kinloss, who, as he lay awake, gazing on a high window in his dormitory, saw, to his horror, a black Ethiope, of a grim and terrible aspect, enter through the casement into the chamber, comporting himself as if he felt an excellent odour. This horrid guest then walked slowly up to each bed, and drawing the curtains, gazed in with a smile of triumph upon the sleeping brethren. At last, coming to the cook's bed, he could not conceal his joy, but embracing the sleeping and unconscious delinquent, kissed him with much affection. He next looked fiercely at the abbot, who sat upright in his bed, staring with dismay on such proceedings, and then dissolving into a cloud of smoke, he vanished from his eyes. In the morning, the pious Ralph sent for the traitor of the kitchen, and recounted to him the horrid vision of the night; upon which the cook fell down at the feet of his superior, confessed the fraud he had practised upon the fish-stew, and promised, for the future, to conduct his culinary mystery with more attention to the spiritual than to the carnal wants of his brethren.' How graphically ludicrous is this story, if it did not bring along with it a melancholy reflection upon that thick and hopeless moral twilight which must have overcast the mind of a people, when the clergy did not hesitate to recount, and the multitude to believe, such absurd fables! Fatal as was such a condition of mind to the cause of religion and good morals, it formed, on the other hand, the very soil in which the spirit of romantic fiction, and the belief of supernatural agencies, both of mortals and of spirits, were calculated to flourish and produce their seductive fruits. The mythology of the Norsemen, a people whose imagination and high poetical temperament seem to have been as wild and excursive as their lives, was, as we have seen already, for many centuries prevalent in the Western Islands; and whether we look to this element, to the superstitious and religious creed of the original Celtic population, or to the tribes of new deities and foreign-bred ghosts and demons who flocked in along with the Saxon and Norman adventurers, it is evident, that a belief in magic and astrology—a conviction that the caves, and woods, and rivers, were peopled by powerful and invisible spirits—and a persuasion that it was given to some favoured or fated mortals to foresee events, and even to control and direct the supernatural agents whom they compelled to be their ministers—exerted deep and general influence amongst a people in whom the blood of these various races was indubitably mingled. Of all this there are many proofs to be found in the pages of our ancient chronicles. We find it, for example, the general belief of the country, that immediately previous to the battle of Largs, Saint Margaret, the wife of Malcolm Canmore, appeared to a brave knight, Sir John Wemyss, as he lay sick in bed; in one hand the beautiful inhabitant of heaven led a knight refulgent in arms, having his helmet surmounted with a golden coronet, whilst there

\* Macpherson's *Annals of Commerce*, vol. i. p. 279.

followed her three glorious-looking warriors in shining steel, and of courageous aspect. 'This,' said she, addressing the recumbent baron, 'is my revered lord and husband, and these are my sons, once kings of this realm, with whom I hasten to the field at Largs, where we shall triumph over our invaders.' On another occasion, during the reign of this monarch, an antique and beautiful cross was dug up near the town of Peebles, and hard by was found an urn, with the bones and ashes of a human body, which the learned antiquaries of the thirteenth century pronounced to belong to some Scottish martyr, who had died under the Maximian persecution in Britain. To this place the populace instantly flocked in great multitudes, to present their offerings; and the miracles which were wrought by this ancient relic were so extraordinary and so frequent, that the king, by the advice of the Bishop of Glasgow, thought proper to erect a church upon the spot. But perhaps the most striking corroboration of the love of romantic fiction, and the prevalence of superstitious belief, under the reign of this monarch, is to be found in the story of that extraordinary personage, Thomas of Hericldoun, commonly known by the name of Thomas the Rhymer. It was then matter of undoubting popular belief, that this reputed prophet had been carried away by the Queen of Fairyland; that he had remained with his enamoured and beautiful spouse for many years, and at last returned, in a mysterious manner, upon earth, and to his native country of Scotland, where he exhibited his supernatural powers, by predicting the sudden death of the king, and delighted his countrymen by the composition of the romantic poem of *Sir Tristrem*, which still remains to us, a rude, but interesting, specimen of the poetical literature of the age."

As the histories of Wallace and Bruce are more familiar to the public, we shall conclude our illustration with a few passages relating to Michael Scott.

"Few names," says the author, "in Scottish annals are surrounded with so deep an air of mystery and romance as that of the Wizard Michael Scott; and it may perhaps be regarded as rather an ungrateful task to strip this distinguished magician of his robes of 'gramarie,' and to restore him to those sober regions which belong to authentic history, and are peopled with more common-rate philosophers. But after the severer hand of biography has removed from the canvass much of the richer colours in which the credulity of the vulgar, and the imagination of the last and greatest of the minstrels, have invested him, it is some consolation to find, that there will be left the picture of no ordinary man. Michael Scott, or, as he is sometimes denominated, Michael Mathematicus, was born in Scotland some time previous to the year 1214, about the commencement of the reign of Alexander II. According to the tradition of the neighbourhood, which is confirmed by an ancient printed copy of his work on *Physiognomy*, the place of his birth was Balwerie, the ancient seat of his family, in the county of Fife. From his earliest youth he is said to have devoted himself to the cultivation of the sciences. In his native country, however, he could receive nothing but the bare rudiments of education, as Scotland did not possess at this period any public seminaries for the education of youth. The casual lessons of some learned monk, and perhaps an introduction to the limited library of his convent, composed all the advantages which the future astronomer and physician could enjoy at home; and for higher

and more regular instruction, it was necessary to seek the universities of the sister country, and the schools of France and Italy." He accordingly studied at Oxford, Paris (where it seems probable he was a fellow-student with Roger Bacon), and Padua; "and such appears to have been the impression there created by his talents, that his essays on the science of judicial astrology were no longer, as in France, confined within the walls of a university. His fame became noised abroad, and he began to publish to the world those predictions of future events which were remembered in later times with awe and reverence in Italy. Villani, a historian who wrote long after the reputed prophet was gathered to his fathers, records a prediction of Michael Scott's, which he declares had been rigidly fulfilled; and Dante has given him, in his character of a magician, a conspicuous place in his *Inferno*."

Michael next visited Spain, "then partly in the possession of the Arabians, and which, under these Mahometan conquerors, was unquestionably the most enlightened portion of Europe."

"After a residence of many years in Germany, Michael passed over into England, on his return to his native country, preceded, as we may easily conceive, by those rumours of his power as a magician, which were eagerly listened to by the superstitious credulity of a dark and ignorant age. The English throne was then filled by Edward I., who was employed at this time in those able schemes for the subjugation of Scotland, which he attempted to carry into execution at an immense expense of blood and treasure, and in violation of the rights of nations, and of his own honour. It was one part of his policy, if we may believe an English antiquary, to endeavour to lower the character of the Scottish people, by compelling all the most learned scholars of this nation to reside at the universities of England. 'This year,' says Antony Wood, 'the king compelled all such Scotchmen as were of singular knowledge in learning or literature, to be resident in Oxford, doubting lest the Scotch nobility, increasing in politic prudence by their instructions, should seek to throw off the yoke of bondage.' The celebrated John Duns Scotus was one of those scholars who suffered under this persecution, being led chained and a captive into England, along with eleven other ecclesiastical prisoners. Michael Scott fortunately arrived a considerable time before this rigorous edict was carried into effect, and his destiny was more tolerable. Edward, who had always a strong disposition to believe in alchymy and the occult sciences, received him with kindness, retained him for some time at his court, and afterwards permitted him to pass into his native country."

Michael was one of the ambassadors to Eric, king of Norway, to negotiate for the bringing over of Margaret, the Maiden of Norway; and "this is the last occasion in which we can trace the name of Michael Scott. He appears to have died soon after his return, after having attained an extreme age, fortunate in this, that he did not live to witness the complicated miseries of his native country. In the brief but interesting accounts of this singular man, which we meet with in the ancient chronicles of Italy, it is mentioned that he was the inventor of a new species of casque or steel basnet, denominated a cervilerium, which he commonly wore under the furred or velvet cap, used by the learned of those times. The origin of this invention is curious. In those dark periods, when the belief of magic was univer-

sal, not only amongst the lower ranks, but with the learned and educated classes of the community, it was reported that the Wizard, having cast his own horoscope, had discovered that his death was to be occasioned by a stone falling upon his bare skull. With that anxiety which clings to life, he endeavoured to defeat the demon whom he served; and by repeated incantations constructed this magic casque, which he vainly deemed invulnerable. But his fate, according to the tradition of Italy, was not to be avoided. In passing a cathedral, when the bell was ringing for vespers, Michael entered to pay his devotions; and forgetful of his cervilerium, which was fixed inside his cap, uncovered as he reverentially knelt upon the stone floor. The moment of his fate was arrived. The rope of the belfry had loosened one of the carved corbels which ornamented the interior of the roof beneath which the magician knelt; before he could remove, the sharp and heavy mass descended on his forehead; and whilst it confirmed the infallibility of his prescience, in an instant deprived him of life. Michael, however, according to the account of Benvenuto da Imola, had strength enough to lift up the stone and ascertain its weight, after which he declared it was of the exact size he expected; and that nothing was left him but to die, which he did accordingly, after very properly making his will. It is needless to remark that this fable is confuted by the return of Michael to his native country; but it appears to have been the origin of a tradition still current amongst the peasantry of Scotland, and which ascribes a miraculous power to the bonnet of the Wizard. It is curious to find the tale of the invulnerable cervilerium of the Italians, travelling on the breath of credulity and superstition into the 'far north countries' of which the magician was a native, and only changed by tradition from the blue steel worked and welded by magic art, into the blue bonnet which was waited on by Scottish demons, who were heard wailing in mid air when it was waved by its dreaded master."

"In our endeavours to estimate the talents of a sage of the thirteenth century, we must beware of looking at his attainments through the medium of our own times. He must be compared with men of his own age; his powers must be determined by the state of science in the countries where he lived, and wrote, and became celebrated. Appealing to such a criterion, the Scottish wizard is entitled to no ordinary rank amongst those who were then esteemed the philosophers and scholars of Europe. He was certainly the first who gave Aristotle in a Latin translation to the learned world of the West. He was eminent as a mathematician and an astronomer—learned in the languages of modern Europe—deeply skilled in Arabic, and in the sciences of the east; he had risen to high celebrity as a physician—and his knowledge of courts and kings had recommended him to be employed in a diplomatic capacity by his own government. Nor has he been cheated of his fame. If we look to older authors, he lives in the pages of Roger Bacon, of Picus Mirandula, of Cornelius Agrippa. If we ask for his historical immortality, he is commemorated by Lesly and Buchanan,—if for his poetic honours, has not Dante snatched him from oblivion, and the last of the minstrels embalmed him in the imperishable substance of his first and most romantic poem?—nay, if he seeks for more popular and wider honour, even here he may not complain, whilst his miracles and incantations are yet recorded beside the



cottage fire by many a grey-headed crone, and his fearful name still banishes the roses from the cheeks of the little audience that surround her. Fortunate, too, he was in this circumstance, that, after his various travel and long residence abroad, he returned to enjoy in his native country the reputation which he had acquired; that he lived to a great age, and died full of years and of honour, before he had witnessed the dark and complicated calamities which were so soon to overwhelm the kingdom. His books, we are informed by Dempster, after his death, were carefully concealed from the public view; and he adds, that the common people of Scotland, even in his time, believed that these forbidden volumes, containing the spells of the magician, were protected by the invisible demons who had once been the servants of their illustrious and potent master."

Three engraved seals, a barrow, and two beautiful landscapes, adorn this excellent volume; which we most heartily recommend to the public.

*Atherton; a Tale of the Last Century.* By the Author of "Rank and Talent." 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Simpkin and Marshall. THESE volumes open spiritedly, and evince considerable talent: still, as a novel, we doubt whether *Atherton* is calculated for general popularity. There is no dramatic effect, and the narrative is too lengthened and too improbable. The author is more successful in sketching than in sustaining his characters; they are lively portraits, but not put into action. Witness the ensuing sketch of a loyal and respectable shopkeeper some fifty years ago.

"Mr. Bryant himself was a neat, quiet, orderly sort of a man, regular as clock-work, and steady as time, the very pink of punctuality, and the essence of exactness. He had been in business nearly forty years, in the same shop, conducted precisely in the same style as in the days of his predecessors; he lacked not store of clothes or change of wigs; but his clothes, and wigs, and three-cornered hats, were so like each other, that they seemed, as it were, part of himself. His wig was brown—so were his coat and waistcoat, which were nearly of equal length. He wore short black breeches with paste buckles, speckled worsted hose, and very large shoes, with very large silver buckles. He was most intensely and entirely a citizen. He loved the city with an undivided attachment. He loved the sound of its bells, and the noise of its carts and coaches; he loved the colour of its mud and the canopy of its smoke; he loved its November fogs, and enjoyed the music of its street musicians and its itinerant merchants; he loved all its institutions, civil and religious; he thought there was wisdom in them, if there was wisdom in nothing else; he loved the church and he loved the steeple, and the parson who did the duty, and the parson who did not do the duty; and he loved the clerk, and the sexton, and the parish beadle, with his broad gold-laced hat, and cane of striking authority; and he loved the watchmen and their drowsy drawl of, 'past umph a' clock;' he loved the charity schools, and admired beyond all the sculpture of Phidias, or the marble miracles of the Parthenon, the two full-length statues, about three feet each in length and two feet six inches each in breadth, representing a charity boy and a charity girl, standing over the door of the parish school; he loved the city companies, their halls, their balls, though he never danced at them; their dinners—for he never missed them; and, above all

other companies, he loved the stationers', and its handsome barge, and its glorious monopoly of almanacs; he loved the Lord Mayor and the Mansion House,—it was not quite so black then as it is now,—and he loved the great lumbering state coach and the little gingerbread sheriffs' coaches, and loved the aldermen, and deputies, and common-councilmen, and liverymen. Out of London he knew nothing: he believed that the Thames ran into the sea, because he had read at school that all rivers run into the sea; but what the sea was, he did not know, and did not care; he believed that there were regions beyond Highgate, and that the earth was habitable farther westward than Hyde Park corner; but he had never explored those remote districts. What was Hammersmith to him, or he to Hammersmith? He knew of nothing, thought of nothing, and could conceive of nothing, more honourable, more dignified, or more desirable, than a good business properly attended to. He was proud of the close and personal attention that he paid to his shop—somewhat censoriously proud; he might be called a mercantile prude, or shop-keeping pedant; and, when a near neighbour who had a country house at Kentish Town, to which he went down every Saturday, and from which he returned every Monday or Tuesday, came, by a variety of unavoidable or unavowed misfortunes, to make his appearance in the Gazette, with a 'Whereas' prefixed to his name, Mr. Bryant rather uncandidly chuckled, and said—'I don't wonder at it. I thought it would end in that. That comes from leaving things to boys.'"

We again repeat, that we think our writer is clever and acute; but he wants that golden secret of fictitious narrative—interest.

*Tales of a Physician: Second Series.* By W. H. Harrison. pp. 261. London, 1831. Jennings and Chaplin.

WRITTEN with much amiable feeling and cultivated taste, these tales will be an agreeable present to our young friends. "The Old Maid" is our favourite; the incident on which the dénouement turns is a very novel one, and the character itself is sweetly sketched. The volume is certainly superior to its predecessor; though we cannot readily detach from its narrative any fair specimen fit to represent the whole.

*Enthusiasm, and other Poems.* By Susanna Strickland (now Mrs. Moodie). pp. 214. London, 1831. Smith, Elder, and Co.

WITHOUT any thing very original or striking, this little volume contains much graceful writing, and breathes throughout a strain of pious thoughtfulness and kindly feeling.

*Aldine Poets, Vol. XII.; the Poetical Works of the late James Beattie.* London, 1831. Pickering.

THIS volume does as much credit to its publisher for external elegance as its predecessors. Beattie's Minstrel, it is true, is his only poetical work worthy of a standard place in our literature; but, perhaps, in a series like this, it might be excused, that, in order to complete all, more than half the volume should be filled with absolute trash. How bad must those poems have been which even the author deemed unworthy of publication! yet here are included what he himself rejected. Neither can we say much in favour of the somewhat lengthy life affixed.

*Mémoires de Bourrienne, Ministre d'Etat sur [sous ?] Napoléon, &c. &c.* 5 tom. Paris et Londres. Chez Colburn et Bentley. 1831. AFTER all the editions we have had of Bourrienne's celebrated Memoirs, the present seems to have been needed, and takes the foremost rank. In the first place, it is remarkably cheap; in the second place, it is ornamented with no fewer than seventeen fine plates, which are not to be found elsewhere; and, in the third place, it is enriched with valuable notes from contemporary authorities, and some of them eye-witnesses of the facts they assert or describe. Possessed of these great advantages, we can unreservedly recommend this publication.

*The Deliverance of Switzerland; a dramatic Poem.* By H. C. Deakin. 2d edition. *Portraits of the Dead.* By H. C. Deakin. 2d edition. London, 1831. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE words "second edition" to each of these works save criticism; so we shall only wish the fortunate author continued success.

*Journal of Voyages and Travels by the Rev. D. Tyerman and George Bennett, Esq., deputed from the London Missionary Society to visit the various Stations in the South Sea Islands, China, India, &c. &c., between 1821 and 1829.* Compiled from the original documents by James Montgomery. 2 vols. 8vo. Westley and Davis.

OF this delightful work we can only give note of warning. The materials are most interesting, and Mr. Montgomery has made a use of them quite worthy of his high reputation. The arrangement is excellent, and the style so good, that we could hardly believe it to have been built upon hasty notes and crude journals. These volumes are sure of a great circulation.

*A Critical Exposure of the Ignorance and Malpractice of certain Medical Practitioners, &c. &c.* By John St. John Long, Esq. 8vo. pp. 405. London, C. Chapple.

As ministers are reforming and mending the constitution politic, so is Mr. Long reforming and mending the constitutions of his patients; for we hear that Harley Street is now more crowded than ever. We have not had time to examine this volume attentively; but it seems to be a striking production, attacking the faculty, asserting the author's own cures with numerous attestations adduced, expounding his opinions on the medical art, and explaining his practice. A warm ally, too, has started up for him from the very bosom of the College of Physicians: a strong letter written by Dr. Ramadge supports him, and arraigns his opponents. There will certainly be a battle of gallipots.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES. ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MR. BROCKEDON on the passage of the Alps by Hannibal. This is a subject of so comprehensive a nature, and which involves so many disputes, classical and geographical, that Mr. B., rapid as was his delivery, found it a task of some difficulty, within the usual time allotted to these evening meetings, to press into his narrative a sufficiency of incident which should please as well as inform his auditors. He began by stating, that he would avoid, as much as possible, the disputes to which we have alluded, and confine himself simply to consider the practicability of the routes conjectured by different

authors. He observed, that from his actual knowledge of nearly forty passes of the great chain, by which he had traversed it about sixty times, and which included not only those by which various authors had conceived that Hannibal passed, but all by which it was possible he could have passed,—his conviction was, that the passage of the Carthaginians was made over the Little St. Bernard. The texts of Polybius and Livy were irreconcilable on many points; the passage advocated by the latter, viz. the Mont Genève, is so obviously at variance with the geographical character of the route, that it cannot for a moment be entertained by any one who really knows the country through which that writer would lead the Carthaginians. Again, Polybius, probably from his having written in Greek, has not preserved to us the names of places, so as to enable us to follow the route of Hannibal; but then he has so described the march, the places where particular events occurred, and the times and distances which intervened, that we can trace him with almost moral certainty. Mr. Brockedon read copious extracts from this author, from which it appeared, that the chief facts to be established were, distances,—a plain from the river to the Alps,—a place for the attack of the Allobroges,—their city near the scene of action,—a defile for the second attack,—a roche blanche,—a summit of sufficient extent for an encampment,—a view of the plains of Italy,—precipices on the descent,—a spot agreeing with the scene where the road had been destroyed,—and the distance thence to the foot of the Alps. The lecturer then brought the different theories to these tests, and by the aid of his charts, very clearly pointed out their inconsistencies; and proceeded at some length, and with great spirit, to notice the overcharged and incorrect narrations of Letronne, Fortia d'Urban, Folard, Whittaker, and others. Whittaker's story he characterised as a most extraordinary rigmarole. In one part he states the given distance between two certain points to be sixteen miles: to this Mr. Brockedon jocosely observed, that he himself walked the distance in an hour and a quarter! Upon the whole, it was a subject of regret that so much important and interesting matter should have been crowded so much, and in some parts only glanced at, in order that Mr. B. might keep his observations within the hour allowed.

On the library-table were many specimens of Burmese musical instruments.

On Thursday R. Willis, Esq. delivered his second lecture on the nature and physical properties of sound and vibrating substances. This lecture was chiefly directed to the explanation of those pulsations or undulations which are produced in the dissemination of sound through the atmosphere and through liquids; and the lecturer illustrated his theory by some very beautiful experiments, with an apparatus fitted with a transparent screen placed over a shallow trough of water, having a plate glass bottom, and a light set beneath, and thus throwing the shadows on the screen of the undulations produced upon the surface of the water by striking it with a flat substance. The variety of configurations, when the surface of the water was successively confined by barriers, in the several figures of the parabola, ellipse, a circle, or within straight lines, produced a very beautiful effect. When two sets of these wavy lines meet, the lecturer terms them lines of interference; and the well-known convergence of sound which, produced at one end of an ellipse, converges to a similar point

of the opposite end, producing the effect called echo, was beautifully illustrated by the wavy shadows of the rippling water on the screen. As a proof that sound travels to a far greater distance in water than in air, the lecturer stated that M. Cogniad de la Tour made experiments during a perfect calm and at night, in the sea, near Marseilles, when sound was distinguishable to the extraordinary distance of nine miles. Some very ingenious experiments were also made by transmitting air through apertures in plates during rotation, proving that the greater the velocity, the higher the pitch or tone produced. The lecturer concluded by explaining the acoustic principles on which the celebrated machine called the "invisible girl" (shewn some years back) was constructed—that of a ball in the centre, with four radiating trumpet-mouth pipes to convey the sound to the auditor.

#### ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

FR. BAILY, Esq. in the chair. There were read, a letter from Mr. Dawes on the triple star at ζ Cancri; also the remainder of Mr. Baily's paper on *La Caille's* catalogue of three hundred and ninety-eight principal stars; likewise a paper by Mr. Herschel, on the micro-metrical measures of three hundred and sixty-four double stars at Slough, with a seven feet equatorial. Several fellows were elected.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

J. W. LUBBOCK, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—There were read, a communication, by Davies Gilbert, Esq., "on suspension bridges;" "researches on physical astronomy," by the chairman; "on the standard yard constructed for the Royal Society," by Captain H. Kater; and "on the blood," by Mr. Thackeray; communicated by Sir Astley Cooper.

##### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

H. GURNEY, Esq. in the chair. J. A. Repton, Esq. communicated a very curious and interesting paper on the history of hats, accompanied by eight sheets of drawings of hats and caps, in an infinity of shapes and fashions, from the time of Richard II. up to 1784. He observed, the name hat was derived from a Saxon word meaning a covering for the head, in which general sense it had been used by early authors, and applied to helmets of steel. Hats and caps were anciently made of felt, woollen, silk, straw, and various other materials, and were as diversified in their colours. In the time of Elizabeth the common people generally wore woollen caps; and some acts were passed in her reign to encourage the manufacture of them. The broad brims were introduced by the cardinals to their scarlet hats, and followed by the clergy. The inconvenience of the broad brim all round caused the turning of one side up; then two sides were turned up; and at last turning up three sides introduced the cocked hat. The high-crowned hat was first worn in the time of Elizabeth, and declined in the reign of Charles II. Mr. Repton then noticed the ornaments of hats, such as feathers, brooches, and bands. Henry VIII. is described on his entry into Calais as wearing feathers from India, four feet long; and men wore feathers in their hats as late as the reign of Queen Anne. Yew is mentioned as placed in the hat to denote mourning for a deceased relative or friend.\* The paper con-

\* In the West of England, in dressing the houses with holly and other evergreens at Christmas, we have observed the picture of a deceased relative adorned with the yew alone.

tained numerous curious and amusing quotations on the subject from a great variety of authors. On account of the Whitsun week, the meetings of the Society were adjourned to the 2d of June.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

[We have much pleasure in being enabled this week to give, entire, the address of the venerable and very learned President of this Society at its anniversary meeting. It not only affords a clear exposition of the Institution, but touches on other points of much interest to literature.]

THE twelve months which have passed since our last anniversary meeting have been distinguished by events of great interest to the Society—subjects both of congratulation and condolence. The attention which the council have long directed towards the acquisition of a house for the Society, has at length been crowned with success; and the building which has been erected through their persevering efforts, from the subscriptions entered into for that purpose, has been completed in a manner, both as to its situation and execution, which promises to be conducive to the enlargement and usefulness of the Society.

With this prosperous event it is my painful office to contrast the loss which the Society has sustained by the death of its most munificent founder and patron; and I should ill discharge the personal debt which I owe to his majesty's memory, if I did not endeavour, however imperfectly, to give some account of the origin of this royal institution, as well as his majesty's other great services to literature. The government of this country had long been subject to the reproach of neglecting the general interests of learning; and never had a prince succeeded to the throne since the days of Elizabeth so initiated in the best principles of classical and general knowledge, and so endowed with congenial taste and talent, as his late majesty; and therefore so well prepared to do away the national reproach. This impression gave rise to the suggestion of a plan for the advancement of learning by royal patronage, in a circle of private friends,—a suggestion, therefore, apparently very far removed from the probability of reaching the royal ear. But the plan thus casually suggested was communicated, by one of the persons present, to a confidential servant of the king, and by him to his majesty himself. An audience at Carlton House was almost the immediate consequence. The attention with which the king examined the principle of the proposed institution, and the readiness with which he finally adopted its provisions for the advancement of learning and the reward of literary merit—the warmth with which he entered into the general interests of literature—the condescension with which he communicated many interesting particulars of his earliest studies, and the affection with which he spoke of two of his preceptors—will never be forgotten by him who was honoured with the communication. The results of this interview, and of the king's determination, are long since before the public—first, as confirmed by the royal sign manual, and afterwards as incorporated by charter.

His majesty's adoption of an institution for the honour and advancement of learning, was the result of his own attachment to literature, in which, however, his characteristic benevolence had a prominent share. For in the disposal of his annual bounty to it, his wish was that its allotments might fall where it was merited, and at the same time where it was wanted. How beneficially this bounty was awarded, will long and gratefully be remem-

bered by those who were most benefited by it; and the more beneficially it was enjoyed, if discontinued, the more severely may the want of it be felt—felt, as the poet says of time that is past—

“We take no note of time but from its loss.”

The king's attention to the interests of literature was not a capricious or casual feeling, excited by temporary incidents, but the bias of a mind cultivated with principles of taste and learning, derived from lessons of classical antiquity, and directed by two of the most learned preceptors that ever regulated the youthful studies of a future sovereign. Very eminent proofs of his classical knowledge, especially of the greatest poet of antiquity, are known to be in the recollection of those who were nearest his person, and in the most confidential intercourse with him.

His majesty's earliest patronage of literature was shewn before the close of the last century (in 1796), by his donation of two gold medals for the best English compositions in verse and prose, and two silver medals, for elocution, to the scholars of Winchester College—a benefaction most kindly renewed by his present majesty. The Literary Fund was also an early object of the king's generous concern for the relief of indigent literary merit. To this Fund his majesty contributed five thousand pounds, in fifty half-yearly payments of one hundred pounds. To this useful institution, also, his present majesty is a most bountiful contributor. The king's benefaction of a thousand pounds toward the building of St. David's College, for the education of young men intended for holy orders, natives of the principality, and unequal to the expenses of an university education—was a most effectual as well as beneficent service to the cause of religion and learning, which contributed largely, both by its magnitude and its influence, to the final success of the undertaking—a service afterwards greatly augmented by his majesty's subsequent endowment of the college with three operative benefices, and three sinecure rectories; the sinecures being appropriated to the maintenance of catechists during the year immediately preceding their ordination, and to the increase of the college library.

His majesty's attention to the literature of his country was excited in 1823, by a discovery which was made that year in the State Paper Office, of a Latin work, *De Doctrinâ Christianâ ex sacris dumtaxat litteris petita*, under the name of Milton. The interest felt in this discovery was universal; and his majesty, with his accustomed liberality, ordered it to be printed and published. It was accordingly published, in a manner worthy of the great name to which it was ascribed, and of the talents employed in editing, translating, and illustrating it. The publication of such a work, and the ascription of it to our great Christian poet, could not be a subject of indifference to the Royal Society of Literature: it was therefore not forgotten in the discourses which were addressed to the Society at two successive anniversaries. To the reasons which, on those occasions, I alleged for doubting the authenticity of the work, I confidently adhere, on account of its utter inconsistency with the religious principles maintained by Milton through life in his published works, from his Ode on the Nativity, in his 21st year, to his Treatise on True Religion, in his 65th; and its discordance with his opinion of popery, and with his style and habits of composition—inconsistencies aggravated by the discrepancy between the writer's public version of the New

Testament, and the public version of this country—a work impracticable to Milton, from his blindness, his domestic difficulties, his want of adequate literary assistance for the prosecution of a work encumbered with most numerous and minute references; and, above all, from the multitude of literary labours in which he was engaged, of a totally different character from the Latin treatise, during the last twenty years of his life—the period to which the Latin treatise is assigned.

In 1823 his majesty communicated to Lord Liverpool his magnificent design of advancing the literature of his country, by giving to the British nation that very valuable and extensive library which had been formed during a long series of years by his revered and excellent father. Parliament gratefully accepted the proposal, and provided for this princely benefaction, a Repository worthy at once of the national character and of the munificent sovereign who bestowed it.

One of the earliest and most interesting proofs of his majesty's taste and love of ancient learning, and at the same time most congenial with the first of the chartered objects of this Society, was the literary mission to the court of Naples, for the development of the Herculanean MSS., towards which so little had been done during the course of nearly fifty years which had passed since the discovery of the library—a mission which did honour to the country from which it emanated, and will ever illustrate the memory of the prince who projected and supported it. From the development of the first MS., in 1752, to 1800, not more than seventeen MSS. had been unrolled, and only one published; so difficult, tedious, and expensive was the process. Under these various difficulties, the work was suspended, when the Prince of Wales proposed to the Neapolitan government to defray the expense of unrolling, deciphering, and transcribing the MSS. In the course of four years, two hundred copies were unrolled, transcribed, and facsimiled by Neapolitan artists, under the inspection of an English superintendent; when the work was again suspended at the re-occupation of Naples by the French. Eighty-four of the fac-similes were transmitted to England in 1808, and in 1810 were consigned by the Prince Regent to the University of Oxford. Of these fac-similes seven treatises have been published at the University Press, from lithographic engravings, in a manner worthy both of the munificent benefactor and of the University. Of these published treatises, five are by Philodemus, on moral subjects as well as on rhetoric and poetry. Of the others, one is by Demetrius, on poetry; and the other, by an anonymous writer, on anger. His majesty had the satisfaction of seeing the object of his literary mission thus far executed, by the publication of these splendid volumes from the Clarendon press in 1824-25, the merits of which publication cannot be better expressed than in the language of a foreign critique:—“Qua in re cum ipsius Academia Oxoniensis munificentiam admiratur, que (ut solet a sordida parsimonia remotissima esse) in his etiam voluminibus exprimendis splendidissimo cultu rei dignitati consuluit, tum artificis laudamur diligentiam plane admirabilem, qua factum est, ut plenissime de his vetustis reliquiis judicare posimus.”

The injuries which these treatises have suffered in unrolling them have unavoidably been very great, by the laceration and distraction of

• Bibliotheca Critica Nova, Lugdun. Bat. 1825, vol. i. p. 203.

words and sentences; yet with all their difficulties they present enough that is legible and intelligible to interest a learned reader by the citation of such names as Alcaeus, Sappho, Sophron, Epicharmus, Empedocles, Chrysippus, Metrodorus, and the like, and by fragments of poets whose works are now lost; and by the light which their peculiarities of diction and manuscript throw on many points of philology and paleography. The impatient expectation so long and earnestly expressed by many learned men for the production of these curious relics of antiquity, thus splendidly delivered to the public, could not fail to be gratified by the continuation of a work so honourable to the Clarendon press and to the memory of George the Fourth.

The discovery of a library that had been buried for two thousand years, is too rare an occurrence to encourage the search for such hidden treasures with much hope of success, even in a land of volcanoes. But Greek writings of much greater antiquity than any contained in the library of the Pisos, have been discovered in the works of comparatively modern writers, and in MSS. comparatively modern. Of these, one of the most remarkable is a copy of the Lacedæmonian decrees against Timotheus for corrupting and effeminating the ancient music by his additional strings to the lyre. This decree, written in the ancient Spartan dialect, was passed about four hundred years before the Christian era, but is not found in any Greek writer, nor is extant in any Latin writer before the sixth century. The Hymn to Ceres is also a remarkable instance of a work of very remote antiquity, authenticated by unquestionable evidence of the second century, and yet now found only in a single MS., and that not older than the fourteenth century, preserved in the Imperial Library at Moscow.

The preservation of a Greek decree, by a Latin writer of the sixth century—one thousand years posterior to the decree—and the discovery of the Hymn to Ceres, in a MS. of the fourteenth century, the only MS. copy of it known to be extant—bear a near resemblance to the history of a celebrated passage of Scripture, which is preserved in the Latin version, and in the writings of the Latin fathers of the first six centuries, but is found in no Greek MS. now extant older than the thirteenth, fourteenth, or fifteenth centuries. The *editio princeps* of the New Testament contains the passage; and all principes editiones being printed from MSS. are entitled to all the credit and weight of MS. authority. The conductors of that edition affirm, in their preface, that in preparing their text they had the use of Vatican MSS. But the passage not having been found in any of the Vatican MSS. which had been collated since the publication of the Complutensian edition, its existence in any Vatican MS. has been for many years constantly denied—the supposition of the existence of such a MS. treated with ridicule and contempt—and the Complutensian editors, consequently, charged with fabrication, forgery, and falsehood. This reproach has at length been done away, by the recent discovery of the Codex Ottonianus, 293, in that library, which contains the passage; and it is an important consequence of this discovery, that it authenticates *ad litteram* the text of the *principes editio*.

It has been often asked by the opponents of the passage, What is become of the Complutensian MSS.? If no MS. had ever been found to identify their text, the loss of the MSS. ought not to have brought into question the credit of



a princeps editio, or the fidelity of its editors. A contemporary and correspondent of Dr. Bentley says in a letter to him, that "no man who knows the character of the early editors can doubt the credit of the MSS. they printed from," and that "the early editions of the New Testament ought to have more weight than, perhaps, all the MSS. now extant put together."

MSS. known to have been extant in the sixteenth century have long been lost. The MS. to which Stunica so often appealed, is unknown; the MS. from which Erasmus printed the text of his third edition, has never been discovered (the Dublin MS. differing too much in its readings to be the same); two of Stephens's MSS. have never been found; the MS. from which Rhenanus published the princeps editio of Velleius cannot be found; and no other MS. of that history is known to be extant in any library. The only remaining copy (as far as is known) of Cicero's treatise *De Gloria*, is said to have perished in a fire at Canterbury, since the origin of printing—a loss which exemplifies the importance of the first chartered object of our Society, and brings home to our minds the debt of honour and gratitude we owe to the memory of a sovereign, whose zeal, taste, and munificence, were exerted in promoting the preservation of the remains of ancient learning.

To the principal subject of this day's confluence, I have to add the loss which the Society has sustained by the death of one of the Royal Associates, the Rev. Edward Davies, chancellor of the collegiate church of Brecon, and rector of Bishopstone; an occasional contributor of interesting papers to the Society—namely, *Considerations on the Book of Job*, *Remarks on the Chronicle of Brut Tyssilio*, and a translation of *Gorsha Cynvelyn*; author of a treatise entitled *Immanuel*, of a Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian, and a valuable volume of Sermons on church union; but more generally known to the public by his *Celtic Researches*, and his *Mythology of the Druids*, a curious and interesting work, in which he has given an account of the written monuments of the early Britons, and, by the aid of the ancient British language, has traced through the remains of the ancient Druidical poetry, from the sixth to the twelfth century (for till that time he has shewn that the fictions of their bards continued to bear the stamp of Druidism)—the progress, revolution, and suppression of that superstition which once pervaded the greater part of the north and west of Europe.

## FINE ARTS.

## EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Third Notice.]

No. 148. *Portrait of Pascoe Grenfell, Esq., Governor of the Royal Exchange Assurance.* Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A.—An admirable resemblance. The accessories are judiciously managed; and the whole is skilfully and carefully painted.

No. 156. *A Boy breaking the frozen Turnips for the Cattle.* R. Westall, R.A.—When Mr. Westall passes from the imaginative to the real, as in the present instance, he succeeds so well, that we wish he would do so more frequently.

No. 171. *Portrait of Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq., author of Pelham, Devereux, Paul Clifford, &c.* H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.—It is always gratifying to the public to become acquainted with the features of those by whose genius or talents they have been improved or

delighted; and portraits of such individuals assume somewhat of the dignity of history. There is no recent writer who has obtained a greater or a juster celebrity than Mr. Bulwer; and to the visitors to Somerset House who have not the pleasure of being personally known to that gentleman, this fine performance will shew that his intelligent countenance is a true index of his highly cultivated mind.

No. 187. *The Cherak Pooja, a Hindoo Ceremony at Calcutta.* J. Atkinson.—It is only when we witness scenes like this, that we are rendered fully sensible of the blessing of living in a country in which fanaticism and superstition no longer expose their victims either to compulsory or to self-inflicted torture.

No. 190. *The Forts of Merani and Jellali, at Muscat, in the Persian Gulf.* W. Daniell, R.A.—As a celebrated civil engineer (Mr. Brindley) once said that the use of rivers was to supply canals with water, so there may be military engineers who are of opinion that such curious irregularities of nature as this highly picturesque view exhibits, were intended merely as positions for batteries. Mr. Daniell's pencil seems to be indefatigable; and to whatever it touches it imparts interest and value.

No. 197. *The Corn-field.* W. F. Witherington, A.—Represented in the full maturity of harvest, and with all the warmth and splendour of a summer sky, Mr. Witherington's "Corn-field" is a most cheerful and delightful scene. He has also given great interest and expression to the figures by which it is animated.

No. 204. *The Water-mill.* C. R. Stanley.—There is but one complaint to make with reference to this picture, and that applies not to the painter, but to the situation in which it is placed. It is one of the most choice and picturesque subjects imaginable, and in tone and execution may vie with the celebrated "Water-mill" of the no less celebrated Waterloo.

No. 211. *Prospero and Miranda.* H. P. Bone.—An excellent composition; the character of the father impressive and commanding, that of the daughter patient and attentive.

No. 218. *A Portrait.* J. Partridge.—Mr. Partridge has here shewn how, by investing it with some of the best qualities of art, a simple portrait may be rendered as interesting as a work of fancy.

No. 226. *Lady Macbeth in the Chamber of Duncan.* R. T. Bone.—Treated in a manner which powerfully affects the imagination; while the technical skill displayed in the deep and rich chiaroscuro, and in the masterly handling and impasting of the colour, must be felt by all who are capable of appreciating it.

No. 233. *Landscape, with Birch Trees and Figures.* F. R. Lee.—In the truth and nature of this admirable example of Mr. Lee's talents, we see no symptom of any change in his style. He does not seem to think, like some of his contemporaries, that he has "exhausted worlds," and that he must set to work and "imagine new"!

No. 238. *A Scene from Tristram Shandy.* C. R. Leslie, R.A.—Exquisite! The picture has but one fault, at least in our eye, namely, that the figures are rather too large for the space they occupy. As for the expression, we question if any thing in painting ever surpassed it. Could Sterne have beheld such an illustration of the scene he has so slyly and humorously described, he would have hurled his wig up into the air with delight. Uncle Toby is a portrait of Bannister: and such an eye as the widow's!

No. 241. *An Alligator attacking a Bullock; Scene in Ceylon.* W. Daniell, R.A.—At once

a proof of the versatility of Mr. Daniell's talents, and of the terrific power of this emperor of reptiles. We were never before so fully impressed with the desperate character of the pledge which Peter Pindar puts into the mouth of Sir Joseph Banks:

"By G—, I'll eat an alligator!"

No. 248. *Portrait of Howqua, senior Hong Merchant at Canton, China.* G. Chinnery.—Tell it not in Macao, publish it not in Pekin, that the portrait of so important and well-known a personage has come so far to be thrust into an obscure corner of the exhibition! Even its merits as a work of art entitled it to a place among the best of its size and class.

No. 258. *A Domestic Affliction.* W. E. West.—Of such subjects it is the misfortune, that the more ably they are executed, the more painful is the contemplation of them.

No. 274. *Destruction of the Argyll Rooms, on the night of the 5th of February, 1830.* J. J. Chalon, A.—The fury of the "devouring element," as the newspapers call it, was never more awfully and faithfully depicted.

No. 288. *Admiral Van Tromp's Barge at the entrance of the Texel; 1645.* J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—Mr. Turner at home.

No. 298. *Watteau Study by Fresnoy's rules.* J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—Mr. Turner not at home.

No. 313. *English Nobility receiving the Communion of the Catholic Church in a private Chapel, in the early part of the Sixteenth Century.* S. A. Hart.—This, if we mistake not, is the third splendid and imposing religious spectacles which we have seen from Mr. Hart's pencil; and although, therefore, the gloss of novelty is a little gone off, we, nevertheless, think it the finest of the three. The remark, however, principally applies to the composition; for in all this skilful artist's works, the character and the expression of the figures are of the highest order; and there are a breadth of effect, and a richness of colouring, produced by the clear transparency of his deep shadows, and the brilliant solidity of his powerful lights, equal to what can be found in some of Rembrandt's most esteemed productions.

No. 321. *The Bride.* E. T. Parris.—Grace and refinement are the characteristics of this beautiful work. The total absence of affectation in the principal figure gives an additional charm to one of the loveliest forms that the pencil ever created. The drapery, the jewels, the background, and all the other subordinate parts of the picture, are executed with a masterly hand.

[To be continued.]

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Miss Fanny Kemble.* C. F. Taylor pinxt.; T. Woolnot sculpt. Harding.

A PLEASANT little portrait, in Miss Kemble's natural character—that of a gentlewoman.

*A Panorama of Constantinople and its Environs, from Scutari.* Drawn from sketches by J. Pitman, Esq. and engraved by Mr. Clark. Leigh.

LIKE Mr. Leigh's other publications of a similar nature, this panorama gives a very extensive and distinct notion of the place which it is intended to represent. It is accompanied by a satisfactory and amusing explanatory pamphlet.

## FRENCH EXHIBITION.

THE Exhibition at the Museum at Paris opened on the same day as the Exhibition at Somerset House. It contains above three thousand pictures. A Parisian journal says of

it: "Like its predecessors, it is, what the age has made it, a great market, in which all the riches of technical execution in painting are exposed; but from which the sentiment, and in some sort the thinking of the art, are fled. Pagan and Christian subjects, sacred and profane images, are huddled together without distinction; and exhibit beautiful and elegant forms, which, however, do not touch the soul."

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## A DREAM.\*

As o'er that statue's lips methought  
With chisel in my hand I wrought,  
Sweetening each expressive line,  
Till the whole became divine—  
Like to her, who, far away,  
Dwelleth in exhaustless day—  
Still, the sentiment, the soul,  
I heightened, and informed the whole,  
Till, O my God! it moved, and grew  
A thing of life! Her image too—  
No! not her image, but her soul,  
Her very essence, there had stole,  
And in the marble dwelt like light!—  
It was too much—my ravished sight  
Could bear no more; to hide my face  
Upon her breast, in wild embrace,  
My arms I threw—they clasp the air!  
And yet her form seems dwelling there!—  
Another effort! 'Twas in vain;  
A sudden madness seized my brain—  
I grasped the death-tube—fired—her head  
Drooped on her neck—I marked the lead  
Had pierced her brow; then forth a flame  
Of quick consuming power there came,  
And burned intensely, till its flashes  
Were quenched, that form reduced to ashes!  
—All that remained was a handful of dust;  
The stifled winds, as they came with a gust,  
Swept that too, and strewed it on high,  
Where I raised my face; but oh! the sky  
Shut back my gaze, and heaven looked down  
With a dark'ning brow—a with'ring frown!

L. M.

## EPILOGUE TO ALFRED.

To have been spoken by Mr. Harley, in the character  
of a Belman.

Written by R. Bernal, Esq. M.P.

Enters ringing his Bell.  
O yes! O yes! O yes! Lost, stolen, or strayed,  
An epilogue, bran new, and lately made,  
With humour, wit, and novelty replete,  
And free from all old jests and stale conceits;  
Whoe'er this prize to Drury Lane shall bring,  
Shall be rewarded—so, God save the King.  
[Puts down his bell.  
A play without an epilogue. Alas!  
That such a dire mishap should come to pass;  
Why, 'twill be deemed revolt against the cause  
Of Thespian politics and Thespian laws;  
A wild Reform, impell'd by cruel fate,  
A revolution in the drama's state.  
Our author will be wither'd by the frown  
Of each dramatic Tory through the town.  
Moreover, now, what effort can succeed  
Without the puffing of a friend in need?  
When e'en the prudish Muses will coquet  
With Rowland's Kalydor and Warren's jet.  
But I forgot—the swelling blast of Fame  
Precedes, not lags behind, each favour'd name;  
And, like some whisker'd Bobadil's cigar,  
Expels the puff that meets you from afar.  
We've had our Prologue—surely that's enough  
For all the purposes of lawful puff.  
Ladies and gents, I hope you have been amused,  
And that our author cannot be accus'd  
Of mixing with his five-act serious story  
Of merry England's ancient wars and glory,  
A larger portion of narcotic juice  
Than is allowed for tragic author's use.  
Whate'er their talents, toil, or anxious haste,  
'Tis hard to suit each critic's varying taste.

\* Shakespeare says the poet, lunatic, and lover, are of imagination all compact. We publish the following effusion by Mr. Macdonald, the celebrated artist, to show that the sculptor may be joined to the bard. It is a transcript of an actual dream.—Ed. L. G.

For one, I little think of Saxon thanes,  
Of pirate sea-kings, and of cut-throat Danes,  
Who sack'd and burn'd, by turns, this town of Lud,  
Then full of glory, and as full of mud;  
Let others boast the charms of ancient days,  
'Tis very well in parliaments and plays,  
Oh, days of innocence! when monks alone,  
Caged in their cloister'd tenements of stone,  
Assum'd the privilege to read and write;  
Whilst happy laymen only learn'd to fight;  
When one might chance to go to bed  
Without an ear or nose, perhaps or head;  
Oh, lib'ral times! when kings were doom'd to bake  
For their own breakfast their own oatmeal cake:  
Ye mighty race of Picts, Goths, Danes, and Huns,  
Who knew not muffins, rolls, or Sally-luns!  
Whom salted sea-cows, porpoises, and seals,  
And muddy ale, supplied with sav'ry meals;  
Whose boots, neglecting worldly pomp and riches,  
Desp'd the idle luxury of breeches;  
Thanks to our stars! we moderns gain some boons—  
If ye had cloven, we have our *pantaloons*.  
We belmen, now, are happy men of letters,  
Who scrawl and spout as well as half our betters.  
Now roasted sirloins, smoking on the board,  
Delight the priest, the warrior, and the lord:  
We now may freely sup, and soundly sleep,  
And on our shoulders our own craniums keep.  
If Alfred were a skilful politician,  
A learned, bold, and daring state physician,  
Who purg'd this realm of humours rank and loose,  
And check'd the current of each mad abuse,  
May Heav'n be prais'd! do we not proudly own  
A patriot monarch now on Britain's throne?  
Whose wise and gen'rous policy imports  
A sense of love and duty to all hearts,  
Whose unpretending life and sway command  
Affection and obedience through the land.  
Long may the crown o'er William's honoured head  
A mild, yet steady, wholesome splendour shed!  
But, stop! I must not trespass on your time,  
Or spin out longer this too tedious rhyme:  
At Christmas only can I dare rehearse  
My loyal carols in my doggrel verse;  
[Prompter's bell rings.

And, hark! I hear the prompter's rival bell—  
[Actor, taking up his bell, bowing to the  
audience, proceeds.  
Sweet belles and beaux, kind patrons, fare ye well!

## MUSIC.

## PAGANINI.

THE near approach of the appearance of this extraordinary performer before the London public, may render the following extracts from a description of him in *Le Globe* interesting to our readers:—

"Paganini and his violin enter. A universal clapping welcomes his appearance on the stage. He advances several paces with embarrassment, and bows; and the applause recommences. He proceeds with a gait still more and more awkward, and is again applauded. He bows repeatedly, and endeavours to throw into his countenance a smile of acknowledgment, which is soon, however, replaced by an icy coldness of expression.

"He stops, and in a position in which he seems, if possible, still more constrained than during his walk and his salutations, he seizes his violin, places it between his chin and his breast, and casts on it a proud look, at once piercing and sweet. He stands thus for several seconds, leaving the public time to observe and examine his strange originality; to gaze with curiosity at his lank body, his long arms and fingers, his chestnut-coloured hair flowing over his shoulders, the illness and suffering imprinted on his whole person, his sunken mouth, his long hawk-nose, his pale and hollow cheeks, his large, fine, and open forehead, which Dr. Gall would love to contemplate, and under that forehead eyes, hidden as if in shade, but every instant darting forth lightning.

"Suddenly, his looks descend from his violin to the orchestra. He gives the signal, and, abruptly raising his right hand in the air, lets his bow fall upon his violin. You expect that all the strings are about to be broken. Nothing of the sort. You are surprised by the lightest, the most delicate, the finest of sounds. For several instants he continues to play with your

anticipations, and to provoke you. All the caprices which occur to him are employed to rouse you from the indifference which he supposes you to feel. He runs, he leaps from tones to tones, from octaves to octaves, passes with incredible swiftness and precision the widest distances; ascends and descends natural and chromatic gamuts; produces every where harmonic chords; draws forth the most extraordinary sounds of which the violin is capable; makes it speak, sing, complain; now there is a murmuring of waves, now a breeze of wind, now a chirping of birds;—in short, an incoherent *charivari*.

"This great artist has, however, other resources than such fantasies for the captivation of the public. To this musical phantasmagoria presently succeeds a broad, grand, and harmonious simplicity. Pure, sweet, brilliant, tuneful chords flow from his bow; sounds which seem to proceed from the heart, and which plunge you into a state of delicious feeling. Then comes a vague sighing of melancholy and self-abandonment. While you are sympathising with the touching and melodious performer, a sudden access of violent grief, a sort of shuddering and rage, appears to seize him; and cries which penetrate the depths of the soul alarm and freeze you, and make you tremble for the unfortunate being whom you see and hear!"

Such is a Parisian picture of this extraordinary performer, respecting whom we observe a great discord has been produced in the newspapers, which is likely at least to postpone the period of his appearing before an English audience. We will not enter into the dispute, whether the doubling of the Opera prices was extravagant or justifiable (prices having been doubled in every place where he has played); but in justice to Mr. Laporte, we wish to bear testimony to his constant and liberal efforts to please the public in the very difficult situation he occupies. If the intended charge on this occasion was too high, nobody needed to pay it unless they liked,—the offence would have brought its own punishment. And really we do not know a trader who happens to import a rare or superior article of commerce, and who, out of pure generosity, chooses to sell it at the cost of a less valuable or attractive commodity. Altogether, however, as the King's Theatre prices are considerable, we think it would have been wiser in M. Paganini to content himself with them.

## LECTURE ON MUSIC.

On Monday Mr. Phillips delivered another of his interesting lectures on our national or old English melody, and very properly selected for illustration the finest collection extant of national melodies—the Beggar's Opera. The low dialogue of this celebrated opera of Gay, being intended as a strong satire on the prevailing manners of the age, is scarcely tolerated by "ears polite" at the present day; but the beauty of the melodies, and their ingenious adaptation to the subject, affords a very high proof of musical science in Dr. Pepusch, the compiler. Mr. Phillips shewed that several misconceptions exist in the common mode of executing the music of this opera; and, with the assistance of two or three female pupils, gave great satisfaction and instruction to a numerous and select audience.

## DRAMA.

## DRURY LANE.

ONSLow's opera, *Le Colporteur*, has been produced here in an English dress, by Mr. B.

Livius, already known to the dramatic world as the arranger of the Covent Garden version of *Der Freyschutz*, and (in conjunction with Cooke) of Auber's *Masaniello*. Mr. Onslow is a sound musician, and, though an amateur, has made himself a high reputation amongst professors throughout Europe; but neither his *Colporteur*, nor his *Aloalde de la Vega*, produced any effect in Paris. Their success was merely what the French call *d'estime*; and as the vehicles of his music had little to recommend them in a dramatic point of view, we should scarcely have thought either would have repaid the trouble of importation, particularly the *Colporteur*, the most feeble and commonplace of the two. The plot of the *Emissary*, as the English version is named, is the old story of a rightful heir being discovered by a mark on his arm, &c. &c. The adapters have, however, done their best with so threadbare a subject, and improved the third act considerably. Mr. Livius has also caused several musical additions to be made to the opera, and, to the credit of his judgment he it said, those additions are the most effective things in the piece. We may particularly instance a German melody, sung by Phillips, in the first act; a chorus of conspirators, selected by Mr. Livius, from Boieldieu; an air in the third act, of Mr. L.'s own composition; a chorus by Mr. Grattan Cooke; and a duo by Horn, admirably sung by that gentleman and Phillips. Of the original music of the opera, the most pleasing portion is found in the second act, where the peasants assemble to dance and inspect the pack of the supposed pedlar. The opera went off with considerable applause, and certainly without the slightest symptom of dissent, as far as the last scene, when an unfortunate hitch in the stage business, and a rather cold conclusion of a violent conflagration, raised a storm which prevented an audible announcement of its repetition. It has, however, been repeated since. Of the vocal strength at this theatre, in so far as the ladies are concerned, it is impossible to say much. With a musical manager, too, it is certainly far below the right standard. All we can notice, therefore, on the present occasion, is, that Miss Pearson was very finely dressed, and Miss Bruce, though in an equal part, but poorly indebted to the wardrobe. The latter, however, acquitted herself quite as well as a songstress, as if she had been equipped in a better fashion. We look with hope to the progress of this débutante. The scenery, by Mr. Stanfield, is most beautiful.

On Monday *Timour the Tartar*, with a whole troop of horses, was produced here. The large theatres, we are told, are going to the dogs,—it is a pity; but, somehow, neither spectacles nor the regular drama serve to cover their enormous expenses, in these times of political excitement.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

The long-talked-of spectacle of *Napoleon* was produced here on Monday, and, as a spectacle, is entitled to all praise. The scenery and dresses are at the same time picturesque and correct, and the painters and tailors thereof are entitled to our warmest admiration. For the plot, or rather programme of this interminable drama, we must refer our readers to the bills and the books in circulation. Our columns would not contain a description of half the evolutions performed by those of Buonaparte. The nine volumes of Sir Walter Scott's *History of Napoleon* is the best pendant to Mr. Lacy's seven-act spectacle, which, in length, as well as splendour, beats any pair of spectacles we have

seen through for years past. We did see this through, for it was not so late by an hour as we anticipated; but well got up as it is, and great as was its reception, we suspect, if it is ever to pay its expenses by becoming really attractive, the sooner it is cut down to three acts and played as an afterpiece, the better. To that complexion, we feel convinced, it must come at last, and the improvement will be great in proportion to the pruning. The life of the emperor is as "tedious as a king." His death is painful without being dramatic. The grand *tableaux* are the only points of interest; and every line, every word, not absolutely necessary to their appearance, should be dismissed without mercy. There is another fault in *Napoleon*, one common to all productions of this sort, but which we think might be avoided: it is, the endeavour to represent the march of an army with the numbers of a sergeant's guard. The best attempt we ever saw was made at Astley's, in the *Battle of Waterloo*; but even then it was but a respectable failure. In *Napoleon*, the illusion is imperfect when we are called on to imagine the grand army passing the Mont St. Bernard, or the advance of the old guard at the Bridge of Montreuil; but it is complete when the troops are stationary, as in the review at Schönbrunn, the line extending diagonally the whole length of the stage; or when the brave remnant of that attached guard are bivouacking in the court-yard of Fontainebleau. Our favourite portions of this extraordinary entertainment are consequently the 1st, 3d, and 5th parts; and we certainly think, that with the dream of Victoria, (a most exquisite piece of painting),—the scene in the Geranium Valley at St. Helena,—and, perhaps, the apotheosis, by way of finish, there would be enough of the business. The death-bed scene is indubitably *de trop*, and the glimpse of it in the vision renders it still more unnecessary. We should apologise to Mr. Warde for having neglected so long to speak of his performance of the hero. From his first step upon the stage to the "last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history," it was perfection! There were some cries of "no, no!" when the spectacle was given out for repetition, but the contents had it hollow, and sang "God save the King" after it, by way of a finish.

#### VARIETIES.

*Audubon, the American Ornithologist*.—This enthusiastic naturalist is gone again to the woods. He left Edinburgh last month, and, after visiting Paris, intends proceeding to New Orleans in August. It is his purpose to spend eighteen months or two years in exploring the western side of the valley of the Mississippi, up towards the Rocky Mountains. Should he survive, he intends returning to Edinburgh, and spending the rest of his days in arranging his collection, and publishing a continuation of his *Ornithological Biography*.

*The Chanticleer* has returned to Falmouth from the scientific expedition on which she was employed; and from the accounts she brings, there seems to be less reason to doubt that the death of Captain Foster was accidental: our first information, however, was received from head quarters.

*Literary Fund*.—In noticing the subscriptions to this Fund, we ought, as it is justly due to their liberality, to have stated that Messrs. Colburn and Bentley expressly gave 75*l*. for Mr. James' MS. in consequence of that gentleman's having devoted the price (whatever it might be) to this charity. It so happened that

the work itself was not in the line of their usual publications.

*Chateaubriand*.—This prolific and popular writer has just sold off all his effects in Paris, with the intention of quitting France, and going to reside at Turin.

*Pantechmion*.—We have long been wondering at the erection of two prodigious buildings near the Sloane Street corner of Belgrave Square, and guessing in vain for what purposes they could be intended. At last, the other day, we got a glimpse of their intent and meaning by seeing the Greek compound *Pantechmion* inscribed in capital letters upon their fronts. These, then, are to be repositories for all the arts and for manufactures, in shops, a bazaar, and a gallery. They are certainly on a very extensive scale, and thus deserve our notice as a novelty amongst the improvements of the times.

*Elephant*.—A noble male elephant, in perfect health and condition, has reached the Zoological Gardens, after a nine months' voyage from Madras, via China. He is appointed to have a paddock and a pond for his especial occupation.

*Singular Death*.—Accounts have been received of the death of Mr. James Haze, of Bristol. This gentleman was travelling in Egypt; and in attempting to ascend one of the pyramids without a guide, fell, and was killed.

*Fossil Oxen of Russia*.—Professor Fischer, of Moscow, has described two new species of fossil oxen, from Siberia. The *bos latifrons*, with a large forehead, horns straight at the base, palate much dilated; and the *bos canaliculatus*, having horns very close together, at their base, and separated by a straight deep channel.

*Melotypy*.—Under this title, M. Duguet, of Paris, has published an account of a new method of printing all kinds of music with movable characters.

*Calculation*.—The newspapers state, that of a party of English county members, amounting to about fifty, who were in last parliament, called themselves "the country gentlemen," and acted together, there will be in the next parliament, at the very utmost, not more than six or seven members; viz. Lord Chandos (1), Lord Mandeville (2), Lord G. Somerset (3), Lord Ingestrie (4), two of the Lowthers (6), and the Wynns;—by which it appears that the Wynns are only one.

*Echo*.—We are often amused by the epigrams and *bon-mots* of the *Sunday Times* newspaper. The annexed, in last Number, is very good:—"Paganini. Our friend Sir Charles, who, by the by, never wears creaking shoes, consequently has no music in his sole, perpetrated the following, on learning the moderate charge to witness the performance of this modern Orpheus at the Opera House:—

What are they who pay three guineas  
To hear a tune of Paganini's?  
Echo.—Pack o' ninnies!"

*Sir George Radcliffe*.—This gentleman "was born in Yorkshire, in the year 1587. Seven of his relations lost their lives in the war of the rebellion. He went to Ireland with the Earl of Strafford, upon his appointment to the lord-lieutenancy, and was involved in all his troubles. He is said to have been a man of extraordinary sagacity and knowledge of business, and so good an orator, that his longest speeches were accounted his best. When Sir Thomas Chaloner had discovered the existence of alum near Gainsborough, it was through Radcliffe's contrivance that foreign workmen were brought over from Rochelle in hogsheads, to excavate the ground,



and prepare the mineral. This alum mine was a source of considerable revenue to the crown. Hampden considered Sir George as 'one of the most dangerous men that adhered to the king.' He was impeached by the parliament, and condemned unheard. It was probably at this time that he retired into France. He died in 1655, 'leaving,' says David Lloyd, 'these remarks behind him'—that, 'with Tamerlane, he never bestowed a place upon a man that was over ambitious of it; that he feared more the committing than the discovering of an irregularity; that he gave away to charitable uses a tenth of what he got; and that he loved a grave better than a gaudy religion.'—*Life and Correspondence of Dr. Basire.*

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXI. May 21.]

The Naval and Military Battles of England during the last Two Reigns, by D. E. Williams.—Sir E. Seaward's Narrative of his Shipwreck, and Discovery of certain Islands in the Caribbean Sea; with a detail of many extraordinary Events in his Life, from 1733 to 1749; edited by Miss Jane Porter.—The Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, by Thomas Moore, Esq.—Journal of a Residence at the Courts of Germany; written during a personal attendance upon their present Majesties, in 1822, 1825, and 1826; by Dr. W. Beattie.—Select Works of the British Poets, from Chaucer to Johnson; by R. Southey.—A Guide to the Fruit and Kitchen Garden, by George Lindley; and edited by John Lindley.—A Manual of the Land and Fresh-water Shells of Great Britain; by W. Turton.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Hamilton's History of Medicine, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 4s. bds.—Grove's Missionary Journal, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Sabin's Judgment of the Quick, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Stratton's English and Jewish Tithes Systems compared, 12mo. 5s. bds.—A Caution to Bankers, Merchants, &c. 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Spiller's Exercises on French Pronunciation, 12mo. 4s. 6d. shp.—Scott's Art of Preventing the Loss of Teeth, 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Bell's System of Geography, Part IX., 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Homonymes Français, by Albert and Smith, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Wynpense on the Divinity of our Lord, with Introduction and Notes, by W. L. Alexander, 18mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Cambridge Problems, 1821 to 1830, 8vo. 7s. bds.—Watson's Life of the Rev. J. Wesley, 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Irving's Lectures on the Revelation, 4 vols. 12mo. 11. 2s. bds.—Sir H. Hallford's Essays and Orationals at the College of Physicians, crown 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Bishop Jebb's Pastoral Instruction, fcp. 7s. bds.—Legh's Music of the Eye; or, Essays on Architecture, royal 8vo. 11. 10s. bds.—Wright's Supplement to Wood's Algebra, Parts I. and II., 8vo. 12s. bds.—Cambridge Classical Examinations, Second Series, 8vo. 8s. cloth.—Bernays' Familiar German Exercises, 12mo. 6s. 6d. cloth.—Rose's Orlando Furioso, Vol. VIII., crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. bds.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 12	From 32. to 64.	29.92 to 30.00
Friday . . . 13	32. — 64.	29.92 — 29.94
Saturday . . . 14	26. — 53.	30.00 Stationary
Sunday . . . 15	26. — 61.	30.00 — 29.97
Monday . . . 16	34. — 68.	30.02 — 30.09
Tuesday . . . 17	34. — 69.	30.11 — 30.12
Wednesday 18	41. — 69.	30.08 — 29.96

Wind variable, N.E. prevailing.

Except on the afternoon of the 13th, clear. The continued cold nights have not yet allowed vegetation to recover its verdant hue.

A few drops of rain fell on the afternoon of the 13th.

Edmonton. . . . . 51° 37' 39" N. CHARLES H. ADAMS.  
Latitude . . . . . 51° 37' 39" N.  
Longitude . . . . . 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

We must acknowledge to C. D. our omission in not mentioning that the justly admired lines quoted in the last Meteorological Report, were from the pen of W. Sotheby, Esq., and will be found in the second book of his beautiful translation of Virgil's Georgics, v. 413—416. C. H. A.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\*. Again the influx of new and more temporary matter induces us to defer our sequel Reviews of the State Papers and Travels in Spain.

We are sorry we cannot insert E. H.'s lines; but we are startled by the bold figure which speaks of "the mortal light of animated stillness!"

We cannot enter into Mr. Peter Jeffery's complaint: if he has been wronged respecting the approaches to London Bridge, surely a literary journal is not the place to discuss the quarrel.

Erratum.—In the list of the Professors at the King's College in our last, instead of G. J. Bennett, Professor of Botany, it should have been Gilbert T. Burnett.

## ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

## GALLERY OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.

The present Exhibition will close on Wednesday next, the 25th instant, and will be re-opened early in June, with a Selection of the Works of the Old Masters.

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Admission, 1s.

## EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE.

Mr. Peter Hollins' Colossal Group of the "Murder of the Innocents," Groups of "Conrad and Medora," "Aurora and Zephyrus," with other Sculptures, now exhibiting, at No. 17, Old Broad Street, on Monday, the 19th instant, and following Days.

Admission, 1s.—Season Ticket, 5s.

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## MECHANICAL PERSPECTIVE.—The

Patent Perspective Tracing Instrument is now on Sale, at Cary's, 181, Strand; Holzapfel and Co's, 64, Charing Cross; and Jones, 162, Charing Cross. This instrument (one form of which packs in a Pocket Case), will be found to act with as much facility and fidelity in Landscape, Architectural, and Figure Sketching from Nature, as the common Pantograph copies Pictures; and it is also conveniently applicable to the latter purpose, particularly where large Pictures are required to be sketched on reduced scale. A larger form, capable of producing Sketches measuring two feet by two feet six inches, may be seen at the National Repository, Charing Cross; as also, a Machine for producing a Perspective View from a Ground Plan and Elevation.

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